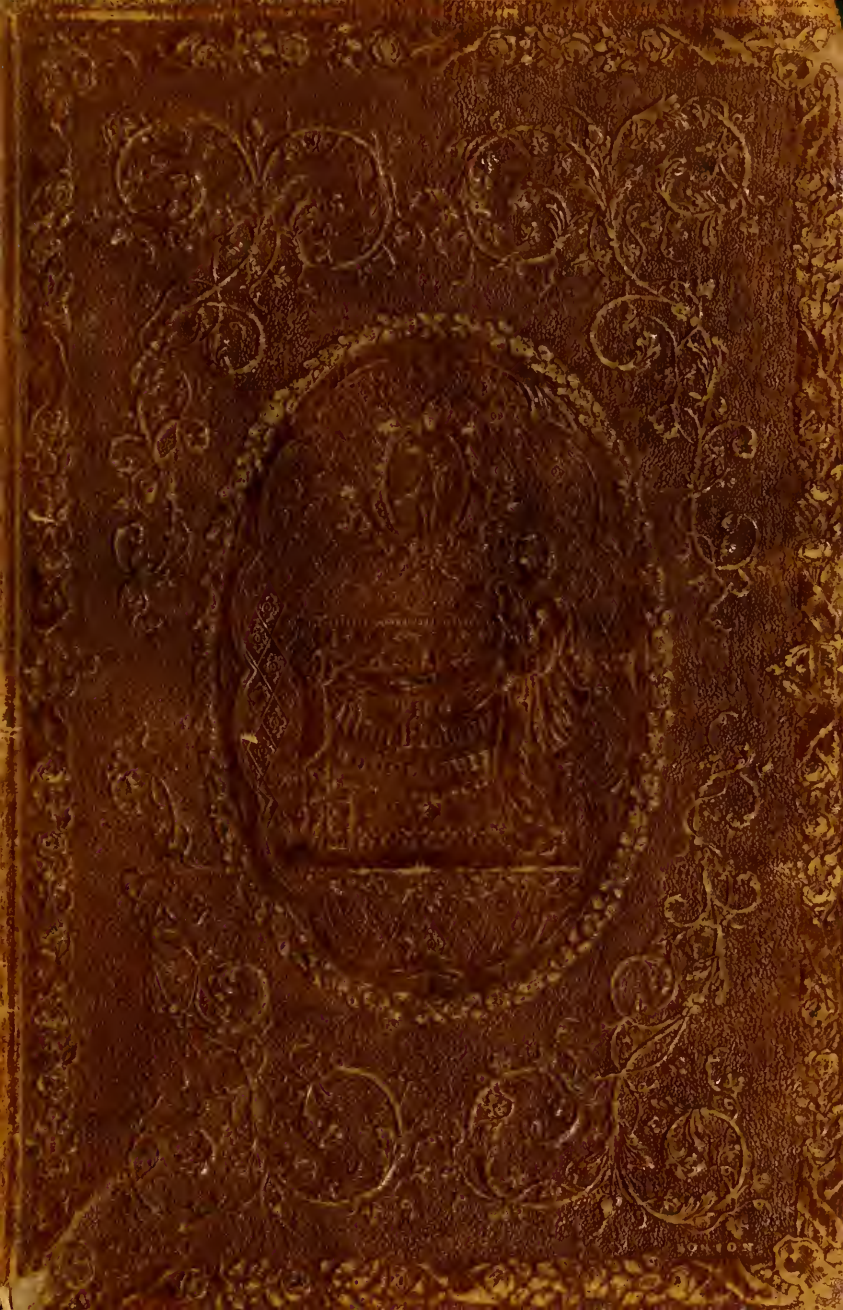




Angelina Parker,



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The Algonquian

POETRY.



BOSTON,
SAXTON & KELL.

THE
MAYFLOWER.

FOR

M DCCC XLVII.

They met with many contrary winds and fierce storms, with which their ship was *shrewdly shaken*, and her upper works made very leaky, and one of the main beams of the mid-ship was bowed and cracked, which put them to some fear that she would not be able to perform the voyage. — *New England's Memorial*, 1689.

EDITED BY

MRS. E. OAKES SMITH,

Author of 'Riches Without Wings,' 'Sinless Child,' 'Western Captive,'
'True Child,' &c. &c.

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PREFACE.



WHEN the great world was created, the garden made, and all delectations duly prepared, then, last of all, was man placed therein to be the occupier and interpreter of the whole: so in like manner when an author has created his book, has adjusted all its parts, and is well assured of its capabilities, he, as a climax to his labors, writes a preface, which shall be a sort of commentary upon what he has been doing, shall be first in order for the eye of his reader, and enable him to know his own whereabouts.

Now, as it has been the opinion of sundry philosophers, that man only was the essential in the great system of the universe, he being so perfect in his organization as to imagine himself to be a denizen of a material world in which he lives, but which in fact has no existence except in his own imagination, it might seem, that the time would arrive in which the human mind will be so perfect in its operations that books will be unnecessary, and our literature become only a series of prefaces to imaginary volumes, the purport of which should be set forth in said prefaces.

Fortunately for us, this transcendental period has not yet arrived, and an author or an editor may point triumphantly to his real book, as a tangibility to be grasped, and to its contents, if an editor, (heaven forefend if an Author,) with the same paternal delight with which our first Father, must have patted an elephant, caressed a dove, or reclined himself beneath the vines and beside the streams of his own Eden—he may with gratified awe look upon the essay, which but for him had been a waif in the wilderness of thought; he may smile tenderly upon the fledgelings of Poesy arrested and en-Arked by himself, which might else have perished—he may beguile himself with the tale, which through him is to win other natures from the hardness of common care, that they may listen to the sweet hymnings of the human breast when its inner cords are waked into utterance.

Looking upon his little world-book, he may in the simplicity, the truthfulness and hopefulness of his heart, he may call it ‘good,’ and we know not the critic who should gainsay him. As an editor does not sit in sublime egotism vaunting his own views of things, to challenge the assent, or win the admiration of the public, he may speak the more freely of the literary household assembled within the bounds of his book, who each sat down in cheerful family guise, to interchange thought, to sing the deep songs of the heart, or tell a tale illustrative of the many shapes into which humanity may be cast.

The Editor neither proposed to herself nor the public, anything by which they should be greatly amazed. The

Mayflower is no piratical craft, with jaunty mast, and sanguine flag, wreckless of order, and wreckless of destiny, but a staunch and steady barque, like that manned by the Pilgrims of old, which survived the perils of its voyage more for the true earnest hearts within her, than for anything peculiar in its own build—or to change the figure, the Mayflower is no exotic brought from the lands, sick to death with the sweetness of orange and myrtle, or hoary with the ivy clinging to disjointed battlements; it is not wet with the tears of the Lady leaning from her balcony, nor hath it been fanned by the sighs of the mailed Knight, but it is a hardy native, indigenous to our own soil, springing from our own rocks, suggestive of our own thoughts, and of our own land, recording too our own history of individual or national life.

Why should we say it is not what we could wish? We have done the best that circumstances would permit us to do. We say it in honest faith. Our time has not yet come. As Americans we must learn to plant our feet more firmly upon the soil, we must learn the homely pride, 'a poor thing but mine own,' if we would see the land yield a nobler growth. Our earth has already been enriched by the blood of the dragon, the teeth of oppression have been cast forth and trodden under our feet, and now we wait but for the heroes that must thence spring forth; the champions of order, truth and right, such as these should be in a new order of things like our own. We need those who are able to look into the soul of society such as ours, and develop its

best springs of life, its best power, and its best glory; those who will cast aside prejudice and fanaticism and see wherein our great strength lies; not in the fiery eye, the great muscle, nor the firm foot, the brute nationality; but in the subtle and changeful and beautiful filiments of thought which are in our midst, and which are like the threads of hair, the commonest ornament of men, yet the secret of power to the strong man, Sampson. We must look to the press, our own press, and see more what our own minds are doing, and are capable of doing, before we shall have a literature such as even our best writers will feel content to own.

BROOKLYN, 1847.

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INTRODUCTION.



WE find the following amongst the paragraphs of an old newspaper, and it is so quaint, and so to the purpose, that we cannot avoid taking it as a medium of pleasant gossip with our Readers. If we mistake not it is from the pen of C. F. Hoffman.

The Year 1847, is the title of a new work in 12 numbers, the first of which may be expected in a few hours 'from the press of that indefatigable publisher,' TIME. The volume is to be printed with a broad margin for annotation, and, when completed, will form a duodecimo of about 365 pages, which may be bound up with the centuries that have preceded it, from the same press; the whole forming a concise introduction (which it would be well to remember) to the greater work of ETERNITY, and consequently of much use to those who would prepare for that important sequel.

As we may have occasion for daily comments upon passages of this publication as they present themselves for observation hereafter, do not let us begin yet the ungrateful task of criticism, but glance a moment at the old annual of 1846, before putting our folder into the leaves of the new.

There it lies, with many a hope flattened between its pages, like faded rose leaves in an old novel. Like an old novel, too, it has many a passage crossed and underscored; some that reflection would obliterate, and others that judgment would preserve for future reference. And here is a marginal note of impatience to get on; there, a leaf turned down, where the reader would wish to delay. Sometimes, there are whole chapters turned over so cleanly, that they seem scarcely to have been read at all; and again, there are occasional pages thumbled as if the reader's patience had been well tasked to get through them. How various have been the feelings of the many who have perused this book! How similar are the feelings with which most of them now fling it aside for ever! A few sad regrets,—a few sober reflections,—many gay hopes, and many giddy anticipations;—some slight misgivings for the past, and some feeble apprehensions for the future;—an army of good intentions, officered by a few limping resolutions;—these are what most men transfer as naturally and as quietly,

from one anniversary of life to another, as if each period of Time were the heritor of that which preceded it; and they would hand down their weaknesses through them, as heirlooms to Eternity.

In the inner world, then, that of the heart, affairs have gone on much the same this year as in the years that preceded it; in the external one, of human affairs, there has been continued commotion, and some changes. But though nations and volcanoes have together created considerable confusion upon the face of the earth, the old ball seems to maintain pretty much its usual situation in the regions of space; still sluggish and inert in its essential properties, as the slaves who have looked unmoved upon the tragedy that has violated its bosom.

Turn we to our own bright land, where all is fresh and animating as a snow covered landscape upon a sparkling January morning. Look abroad cheerily upon all that there is here to inspirit patriotism and give a glow to gratitude; and let prayer for the continuance of such bounties be mingled with thanksgiving for their possession.

And now, patient reader, one word with thee at parting till another year. We have jogged along sociably enough together for the last twelve months; and although all the conversation has been upon one side, believe us, it has been

for thy edification. Some interchange of sentiment might indeed be desirable, if not to modify our course, at least to cheer us on it when chosen. Yet, could we hear all thine own shrewd opinions and clever strictures upon ours, think ye our pen would be as free as now in giving the thoughts of the moment upon occurrences as they pass? We have a prodigious respect for thy discernment; and indeed stand so much in awe of it, most discriminating reader, that were we privy to half its exercise upon ourselves, never again could we venture an editorial opinion with due officialunction. Be then content that the judgment here exercised in ministering to thy entertainment and improvement, though differing often from thy own, is still unbiassed by that of others. Bethink thee, that the shafts of our wit, though they may find a different rest, are sent up on the same errand as thine. Our target is truth; and though our aim may be obstructed by what thy keener vision sees through, or miss the mark from want of vigor in the bow, the arm that draws it is true and untrammelled by any influence save that of 'the law.' Beautiful reader!—for we begin to suspect that thou art a woman, since this long rigmarole is not yet impatiently torn up to light a segar with—gentle and fair reader! have we not diligently catered for thee in the last year? Have we not given tales so long, that none but you

would read them ; and poetry so much, as with them would make an annual ? Receive, then, courteously, our parting salutation, with the closing of this year ; and remember, when twisting this lucubration into papillotes at the first hour of the next, that we are among the earliest in wishing thee, and those that are dear to thee, A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

THE
MAYFLOWER.

KNICKERBOCKER VS. PILGRIM.

A RETROSPECTION.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

It has always been a curious subject with me, when speculating upon the growth and development of our national character, to trace the influence of sectional peculiarities, and determine if possible how the striking social features which characterize some of the States are represented in the general national features.

A European, mindful of our recent origin, and incredulous as to the existence of any marked national character, would perhaps deride the investigation as utterly puerile. TIME, according to his habits of thinking, is the all important, if not the only agent in fixing the character of a people. He is skeptical as to the moulding effects and influences of *Circumstance*, or rather he can

scarcely comprehend the rapid succession of new experiences acting so forcibly upon communities, that even two generations only, shall effect upon this quickening soil, that which in Europe it would require centuries to accomplish !

Yet, while the people of Kentucky — a people who have sprung into existence since the Revolution — have a character of their own as strongly marked as that of the ancient population of many a European province, there can certainly be no absurdity in recognizing peculiar traits as belonging to the older colonies of America, planted many generations before the foot of a white man had trampled the Kentucky cane-brakes of ‘ The Dark and Bloody Ground.’ *

But the interest — if any be allowed to attach to the theme — the interest of the inquiry becomes much more real when the early manners and customs of the present state of New York are the subject of investigation ; for the vast influx of immigration since the Revolution has not only obliterated her peculiar colonial character, but the very memory of it is passing away. The Massachusetts-man, the Virginian and the South Carolinian are still identified with their fathers in both private and historical association,

* The region of Kentucky thus named by the Iroquois of New York from their frequent conflicts there with the hostile tribes of the Mississippi, with whom they came in contact upon their hunting excursion, has since preserved the name from the sufferings of its white prisoners.

while New York, alike in the elaborate discourse of the lecture room and in the habitual mention of the daily press, is scarcely recognized as having more than a territorial existence previous to the Revolution. This covering up and obliteration of her ancient story is not altogether well.

The bold deeds of Miles Standish and the celebrated names of Miantonimo and Philip of Pokanokes have made the Indian wars of New England familiar to every school-boy, familiar as are the savage forays into Kentucky of a much later day ; yet — while the border conflicts with naked savages of all the other states together would not fill one chapter of her early military history — what do the rising generation know of the wild wood annals of that ancient colony which Chancellor Kent has so happily termed ‘The Flanders of North America.’ It is fortunate for her existing inhabitants perhaps, that the old military glory of New York should be merged and forgotten in her present successful cultivation of the arts of peace. But while we can trace much of the modern spirit of enterprize and improvement in her old colonial energies, as exhibited in another sphere of action, that martial spirit which first gave them vitality is not unworthy of commemoration. That martial spirit, which, leaving so few non-combatants, made the

Revolution, in New York, truly a civil war; that spirit of action which compelled every New Yorker to take up arms for 'King' or 'Colony;' which furnished regiment after regiment to the Crown and treble the number to the Confederacy; which blazed forth with all its desperate energies in the death-grapple of brothers at Oriskany, and which is traceable in the gallantry of New York's exiled sons even down to the field of Waterloo! * surely that military spirit of the storied host should not be forgotten while we enjoy its best fruits in the prosperous present.

In those old colonial days, when the now popular dogmas about 'the pure Anglo-Saxon race' had not yet been broached, either in the student's closet or the breeder's stable, the chance traveler who visited the banks of the Hudson observed the happy fusion of national prejudices, and the general ease and uniformity of sentiment which prevailed among the descendants of the different European stocks by which that noble valley was originally planted; but, while recording the fact, that the general system of opinions here was far more liberal and tolerant than that prevailing in the neighboring colonies, those who have transmitted their impressions to this effect leave us to make

* Sir William De Laney, who gallantly fell in a charge at the battle of Waterloo, was of the New York family of that name.

up our own judgment as to the cause. We may ascribe the amiable trait to the social intercourse and frequent intermarriages of the different races already alluded to; we may attribute it to the homely fact, that most of the early settlers of New York came hither to enjoy life — not to establish creeds; to secure a domestic fireside — not to make converts to new political truths; or, lastly, we may look for the cause in the nature of their favorite pursuits, and the mollifying effect, upon manners, of many a simple old festal custom.

All of these influences most probably had a combined effect in producing the result. The Swedes who were transplanted to Manhattan by Peter Stuyvesant, after the conquest of the Swedish colony on the Delaware, were so few in number as readily to become amalgamated with its earliest colonists; and the facility with which the Huguenot exiles who came in immediately after the English conquest, as well as the English themselves, intermingled with their Dutch predecessors in the province, is readily accounted for by the long previous residence in Holland of most of the French and many of the British military immigrants who came to New York to establish themselves. The same cause will readily account for Dutch being equally with English the general language of the colony long after the

latter race began to preponderate in numbers, and indeed nearly up to the period when Sullivan's armed exploration of the fertile plains of the west induced the active New England immigration which followed the Revolution.

Oddly enough, however, while their Puritan brethren were drawing tighter and tighter the rein of religious authority in New England, it was to the *English* that the people of New York were indebted for their first lessons in general toleration. This toleration was not the less remarkable at that day, because the Roman Catholic Faith was not included, for at the time when Leisler and his friends rose in arms to secure the Province for 'King William and the Protestant succession,' more than one influential English family resident in New York was grievously suspected of 'Popery,' while in the city itself Jesuits were supposed to be prowling around every corner.

Whether the French, after drawing their wonderful line of forts which extended through the Western wilderness from Quebec to New Orleans, whether they really ever hoped to cut a path to the Atlantic by the way of the Hudson, it is now difficult to say. But long previous to Leisler's ill-starred attempt to expel them from Canada, and down to the period when Wolfe triumphed at Quebec, the old chronicles which

record the formidable descent of Count Frontignac, the massacre of Schenectady, and other inroads of Hurons and Adirondachs led on by French officers, tell us repeatedly of sudden taxes levied and men warned to hold themselves ready in arms, even in the city of New York itself—so remote from the scene of the never ending Border struggle.*

* The first really formidable inroad from 'New France,' as Canada was then called, was that of De Tracy, De Chawmont and De Courcelles, in 1666, with 1200 French soldiers, and 1000 Indians. De Barre's descent with 1700 men, followed in 1685. The burning of Schenectady, in 1690, made their next attack memorable. In 1691, they were again within fifteen miles of Albany. In 1693, they were repulsed from Schenectady by Peter Scuyler. In 1695, three hundred of their soldiers made a lodgment at Oswego, while 500 were driven out of New York, by the way of Lake Champlain. In 1696, one of the best appointed armies that ever displayed upon this continent, an army led on by an array of Counts, Barons, and Chevaliers, with full battering train, complete camp equipage, and commissariat amply provided, penetrated as far as Onandago Lake. The peace of Ryswick brought a breathing spell to the province. But in 1710, the old border struggle was renewed, and the province remained an armed camp till the peace of Utrecht, in 1713. Again the province is in arms, and marching upon the French at Niagara, in 1727. And the enemy penetrated to Saratoga, and cut off 30 families in a night, in 1747. The battle of Lake George, when Sir William Johnson won his spurs, and when 800 of the invaders, under Dieskau, were left dead upon the field, brings us to 1755. The assault of the Marquis de Montcalm, on Fort Ontario, with four thousand troops, follows; and the Massacre of Fort William Henry, with the devastation of German huts on the Mohawk, by the invaders, brings us to (1758) the duplicate battle of Lake George, when 17,000 men, under Abercrombie, were defeated by the French. The reduction of Fort Frontinac, on Lake Ontario, by three thousand provincials, the fight with the galleys on Lake Champlain, and the different affairs of Crown Point and Ticonderoga.

Within the seven years of the war for Independence, the battle of Long Island, the battle of White Plains, the storming of Stony Point, the affair of Fort Montgomery, the burning of Kingston, the sanguinary struggles of Cherry Valley and the Mohawk, with Oriskany, the bloodiest field of all our Revolutionary conflicts, and Saratoga, the most glorious, crowd in with Niagara, Ticonderoga, and Crown Point, to mark their names yet again upon the blazing tablet of our military annals. And still once more, in 1814, the events at Fort Erie and Sacketts harbor, at Champlain, and Niagara, swell the record of fierce conflicts upon her soil, and approve New York the battle-field of the Union, the Flanders of American History.

To the military habits thus fearfully fostered through several generations, not less than to the general love of sylvan sports engendered by the pursuit of the fur trade, many of the most characteristic traits of the old settlers of New York are safely attributable.

The French penetrated to Lake George nearly simultaneously with the Dutch, reaching Albany in 1609. And the wars with 'New France,' which commenced with the earliest period of New Netherlands history, though ostensibly suspended when the parent countries were at peace with each other, were never fully intermitted till after the conquest of Canada by the British arms, and the incessant conflicts between the Iroquois of New York, and the Hurons, Otawas, and Aderondachs of the St. Lawrence, was in fact a struggle between the French and English, to secure possession of Northern and Western New York. A grasping desire for territory on the part of the French, and a bitter jealousy of their rivalry in the fur trade, on the part of the New Yorkers, impelled the colonists on either side to share personally in these Indian quarrels, without troubling themselves much about the danger of compromising politically the mother countries which pretended to sway them. In a word, the pursuit of the fur trade afforded them, as it has

done in later days, an admirable cover for that respectable species of land piracy, which permits bands of men to cut each other's throats in the wilderness, without necessarily involving their country's flag by the practice of such wholesale hostility against each other. And, after all, how did it matter much that the New York trader who was traversing the Mohawk and Oswego with a boat load of muskets and gunpowder, to exchange for furs with his Iroquois friends, should lend his hardy crew to them for a day or two, while the Burgeois of Montreal, who coasted Lake Ontario with his batteaux, had his voyagers already clad and painted like Indians, in honest expectation of such a contingency!

The large immigration of disbanded German soldiers in Queen Anne's time, and the influx a few years later of Scotch jacobites, who had been in arms for the Pretender, brought a representation of new races of not ungenial habits, to coalesce with the earlier colonists of New York; and it was owing to the half military, half marauding temper thus induced, that the breaking out of the Revolution found so few neutrals in New York — so many that took up arms either on one side or the other, fighting with such desperation to the close, that, as we have already noted, in no other province did the

struggle wear so completely all the fearful features of a civil war as in this.

It is now curious to look at the other side of the picture as we have it authentically transmitted to us by the appreciating friend of the famous Dugald Stewart, Mrs. Grant, whose delightful *Reminiscences of early New York* are probably more or less familiar to our readers. We are told by this intelligent writer, that, in her day, there were but few youth of character or respectability who had not made one or more expeditions to the frontiers, serving at least one campaign upon an armed trading voyage. Yet the great simplicity, of manners, the peace, security, and abundance, which prevailed in the valley of the Hudson, gave to that favored region a character of almost pastoral tranquillity.

‘This singular community,’ says the observing Scotch woman, ‘seemed to have a common stock, not only of sufferings and enjoyments, but of information and ideas. Some pre-eminence in point of knowledge there certainly was, yet those who possessed it seemed scarcely conscious of their superiority.’ Of money, there was very little, wampum beads being actually at one time a common medium of exchange; and dress, though in some instances valuable, was not subject to the caprice of fashion. In this calm infancy of society

the rigors of the law slept, because the fury of turbulent passions had not yet awakened it. 'No person,' says Mrs. Grant, 'appeared uncultivated or ill-bred, because there was no accomplished standard of comparison. Their manners, if not elegant and polished, were, at least, easy and independent, while servility and insolence were equally unknown.'

With regard to the New York women of that day, the same writer bears particular testimony, that while their confined education precluded elegance of mind, the simplicity of their manners was as far removed as possible from vulgarity. 'At the same time,' she observes, 'these unembellished females had more comprehension of mind, more variety of ideas, more, in short, of what may be called original thinking, than could be easily imagined.' Indeed it was on the women that the task of religious instruction chiefly devolved; and the essentials rather than the ceremonials of piety, being instilled by them, the mothers of the colony were thus regarded with a reverence which gave a simple earnestness to their character when mixing in secular concerns.

Of the domestic, or rather the out-of-door pursuits of these simple housewives, one charming picture has come down to us. While it was the custom of the male head of the household

to cherish some ancient tree planted immediately in front of the door-way, it was universal in both town and country, alike in Albany and New York, as well as in every rural settlement, for each dwelling to be adorned with its little garden, which was under the special care of the mistress of the family. The garden spot, devoted equally to flowers and esculent vegetables, was thought to display equally the advance of her taste and the condition of her house-keeping.

After describing these gardens as 'extremely neat, but small, and not by any means calculated for walking in,' the European resident exclaims, 'I think I yet see what I have so often beheld in both town and country, a respectable mistress of a family going out to her garden in an April morning, with her great calash, her little painted basket of seeds, and her robe over her shoulders, to her garden labors.'

In connection with this glimpse of not uninteresting homely habits, it may be worth while to recur to the condition of Slavery in early New York. Nor indeed would our 'retrospections' be at all complete without such reference.

In none of the old thirteen colonies did African Slavery prevail more generally than in New York. The social distinctions, depending upon taste and education, were quietly respected, and

there was here no division of society into two great classes, as at the South, where one great landed proprietor could count hundreds of human beings as his serfs, while another of the same blood was sunk almost below the servile tiller of the soil, by the very fact of his owning no property in any man but himself. For, while the number of slaves in any New York family rarely exceeded a dozen, there was hardly a dwelling in the colony that did not shelter some of these family appendages. Slavery was indeed here literally 'a domestic institution.' 'There were no field negroes,' no collection of cabins remote from the house, known as 'the negro quarters.' The slaves lived under the same roof, and partook of the same fare as the rest of the family to which they belonged. They were scrupulously baptized, too, and shared the same religious instruction with the children of the family. There was no especial law, we are told, preventing the barter of slaves; but a natural sentiment, which had grown into a custom, as compulsory as any law, prevented the separation of families; and above all, the sale of any child without the permission of the mother, who would often exercise her own caprice in designating its future master. The exchange of slaves was also almost invariably limited to family relatives. When a negro woman's

child attained the age of three years, it was solemnly presented, the first new year's day following, to the son, or daughter, or other young relation of the family, who was of the same sex with the child so presented ;' and when, in after years, the youthful master went out to seek his fortunes upon the frontiers, a thousand instances are related of the fidelity and devotion of these sable squires, amid the perils of the wilderness.

But intelligent reader of the Mayflower, thy patience is weary with these details of the unenlightened condition of New York before 'the schoolmaster was abroad.' It seems sorry matter to put in contrast to the racy humor of Knickerbocker's History. Yet, in the very teeth of that witty caricature of the forefathers of Manhattan, I wished to awaken some interest with the New Englander in the manners and customs of a race of men who seem to me to have been full as respectable in their day, on the score of *character*, as we claim to be in ours, on the score of mere *intellectuality* — a race of men who I confess, are full as interesting to me from their honest individuality, so to speak, as are those creatures of enlightened public opinion which are called the 'intelligent mass,' in our day. Nor would I be understood as either preaching up conservatism, or yearning, with antiquarian affection, for the usages

and modes of opinion which belonged to times gone by. My first object has been merely to remind the American reader that the people of those times are not unworthy of your study, and that their claim to remembrance may be more fully acknowledged than now, in those coming years when we may vainly seek to fan the embers of expiring tradition. My second object has been, to interpose a doubt which must often have occurred to all thinking men, whether the boasted intelligence and improved external mechanism of the society in which we live is really such an improvement upon the social plan by which the character of our forefathers was developed, that we are willing to forego their memory, save as it may minister to our curiosity.

The men of those days acted not because an external public opinion *constrained*, but because their own honest and well disciplined natures impelled them. Association for manufacturing public opinion — association, that tremendous engine of a people's power and most subtle weapon against individual freedom — that engine, whose formidable energies have made New England gloriously powerful as she is — that weapon, whose mischievous meddling with private rights is marring the manly independence of Americans, and letting out its social worth from the heart of

the nation — public opinion, as we understand it, was wholly unknown to *our* fathers.

Of Law, (we are drily told by a cotemporary,) the generality of those people knew very little; of Philosophy nothing at all save as they found both in the Bible, the time-cherished possession of every family, and often their only literary treasure! *We* have now the law, the poetry, and philosophy, of which they were so deplorably ignorant; yet the lawgiver, the poet, and the philosopher, might perhaps perversely decide, that the *spirit* which gives vitality to these elements of social elevation, is hardly more diffused than formerly! They either and all of them might declare that Order, the first and highest law of Heaven itself, — that Truth and Naturalness, the bases of all Poetry, — that Happiness, the ultimate aim of all Philosophy, though by no means so well *understood* as now, were *practiced* nearly as well, and *enjoyed* full as much as by our enlightened generation.

It should be remembered too, that while modern New York is so much indebted to the healthful current of New England immigration, which poured in immediately after the Revolution, her ancient story, which new associations are so fast obliterating, is wholly her own. Her own at least from the landing of Hendrich Hudson in 1609, to

her first act of Revolution in seizing the stamped paper of the British Crown in 1766. New York — though she had no Speedwell nor Mayflower, freighted with precious hearts, daring the wilderness for conscience sake — yet was New York planted, and *earlier* planted by men as bold to confront the perils of a new climate or the horrors of savage war-fare, as those who landed at Plymouth. The spirit of the age was present, says the eloquent Bancroft; ‘The spirit of the age was present when the foundations of New York were laid.’ Her fathers — nurtured in that liberal Republic where the Reformation found its best welcome, that sturdy Republic which checked the tyrannic insolence of Spain as it defied the gigantic power of the German Emperor, that Republic which then in the flush of her naval pride preceded England in the mastery of the seas — the fathers of New York, sprung from that bold Belgic race, left other Europeans to sit down upon the *shores* of the new world, while they penetrated beyond the mountains, and planted their settlements one hundred and fifty miles in the interior. Though when thus erecting a freeman’s home and laying a christian hearthstone in the deep wilderness they did not think of effecting anything extraordinary enough to transmit their names to posterity, yet it does not become their descendants to let their

memory be wholly superseded by the local associations of New England, which are so fast crowding those peculiar to New York, from her own soil.

The bird that bears 'EXCELSIOR'* in his beak was fledged on his own soil, and never began his soarings from Plymouth Rock. He dressed his plumage in our own lakes, and his pinions were nerved in the air of our own mountains.

* The eagle which forms the crest of the arms of New York, bears the word 'excelsior' in his beak, which is the motto of the State, the appositeness and beauty of which is becoming every day more apparent. We have now, Poems, Papers, Steamers, &c. &c., called *Excelsior*.

THE WIFE.

To watch thee, dearest, in thy sleep,
Yet not approach thee near,
Lest the dear vigil which I keep
Should speak too much of fear —
Lest the sad beating of my heart,
Should fall upon thine ear,
And tears, that will too wildly start,
Should tell thee I am near :

Oh ! 'tis enough of joy for me,
In this thy saddest hour,
To move all hushed and silently,
The guardian of thy bower —
And all unselfish in my zeal,
To meekly sit apart,
Lest thou too painfully shouldst feel
How very dear thou art.

THE DEFEATED LIFE,

OR THE TIMES OF THE OLD MEETING HOUSE.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

' It was a church low-built and square
With belfry perched on high ;
And no unseemly carvings there
To shock the pious eye.'

UPON the shores of Casco Bay, about ten miles from the city of Portland, is a long hilly range, of perhaps three quarters of a mile in length — a barren rocky spot partially covered with stunted pines. In one part where the grey granite 'crops' out from the thin soil, may be seen a weather-beaten vane, which a few inhabitants of the district have elevated upon a rude frame and soldered into the rock, in the pious hope of thus preserving this only relic of the 'Meeting House below the ledge.' Rarely might be found a more attractive spot for the worship of a new people,



than the site of this old church, standing as it did, at the base of the ledge before named, upon a green esplanade, flanked upon every side by the forest, through the openings of which arose the 'Block House,' the place of refuge of the colonists in periods of peril, fast by the altar of God, with here and there the humble dwellings of the worshipers, each in fact a citadel, built for strength, and armed for defence. In front was the Bay, a most lovely expanse of water, with Island and Cove, sloping hill, and rude promontory, all wearing the aspect of newness and beauty, to awaken the freshest impulses of the heart.

Though little can be said in defence of the architectural perfections of the 'Old Meeting House,' yet in the proud days thereof it might have been regarded as a model of excellence. Here came the staunch men and the stately dames of the olden time, to listen to the profound and subtle teachings of Parson Gilman as he stood reverently in his large white wig, and discoursed upon 'predestination,' 'fore-knowledge,' 'free agency,' and 'eternal necessity,' together with other doctrines abstruse and all-important in the eyes of the unflinching thinkers of that day. Then it was that a sermon held its all important place as a part of the seventh day teaching;

then it was that the theologian found wary hearers ; then it was that the Teachers from the pulpit became 'Boanarges' indeed, thundering forth their sublime intellectualities, to overawe the feebler minds, which were unable to penetrate these fearful mysteries, and could only cry trembling and in tears, 'I believe, help thou mine unbelief.' Then it was that prayer, by which spirit maketh itself known to spirit, became a weapon of attack, a vehicle for the utterance of dogmas to be received by human ears, and lost its great purposes of supplication, confession and faith. Every man was supposed to have become 'Priest unto the Lord,' and the errors of heresy were more dreaded than errors of practice, amongst a people with so few temptations to evil from without. Hence the introversion of thought in that day ; the anxious and pious ingenuity with which men searched for 'hidden evil ; the monkish self-abasement ; the severe nicety of moral construction ; and those terrible wrestlings and groanings of the spirit to be 'delivered from the thorn in the flesh.' This was a part of the Pilgrim care to preserve themselves and their children from the abuses, which they had braved peril in every shape to escape. They would keep themselves a pure people, 'jealous of good works,' and in order to do this, they laid the

foundation in their own hearts, which they 'guarded with all diligence.' Far-seeing, earnest and true men, let us reverence the sanctity of their motives, although we may condemn the intolerance of their measures.

Parson Gilman has long since been gathered to his fathers ; and his hearers have nearly all departed, except a few venerable men, who still talk of the self-willed, independent old man, who for fifty years swayed the minds and consciences of the people about Casco Bay ; whose great learning, severe piety and uncompromising logic found no rival, and have left their impress yet upon the minds of men, after the lapse of nearly a century. Parson Gilman and his white wig are still held in affectionate remembrance, and the 'elders' in North Yarmouth delight in reviving reminiscences of him and his ministry, when the Old Meeting House was the only place of worship in the town, and people came from the distance of ten miles to listen to the word of God, as delivered by Parson Gilman 'below the ledge.'

After standing more than a hundred years, it was pulled down in 1830, if I mistake not, having been long deserted as a place of prayer. Yet it was in excellent preservation up to the time of its fall, having been built of white oak. I cannot even now think of this desecration with-

out a pang. I remember the awe with which I once trod alone its deserted aisles. The quaint pulpit, with its antique, oaken carvings; the communion table, folded in its place, and covered with dust, from which the elements had been distributed to the pious and believing, now no more; the crypt beneath the pulpit, in which had been kept the rude 'communion service,'—then the doors ajar, or slipped from their hinges—the seats once pressed by the young and the beautiful—the solemn galleries—the place for singers, the slender balustrade surmounting each pew, which left their tracery where the light fell through the small glass. I remember the sparrow and the swallow which found there a peaceful habitation—the whispered murmur of the pines, as the wind swept adown the ledge, and stole through the lone church,—and the bleat of the sheep sheltered beneath its eaves.

Truly, I know not how human hands could have been raised against it. I know not what heart would not have been awed into remorse and grief, as the venerable rafters, so long audible to prayer and praise, were crushed to the earth. We have no ruins, and it may be never shall have, for the spirit of our people is opposed to associations of the kind—they reject the past, whether in experience, in sentiment, or archi

ture. A cobweb is monstrous to them—a cornice honored by dust, and made sacred by the swallow, is an offence—the grey beautiful tintings of time are unseemly, and they long for the tidy, painted wall, and the brisk white-wash.

Oh had they but spared the ‘Old Meeting House below the ledge!’ Thither they might have brought their children, and have told them tales of blood and peril—have taught them there the sublime lessons of human freedom, and the more sublime lessons of order and good citizenship. Reverently pacing those old aisles, how impressive might have become the teachings of wisdom! How the bye-gone age had lived again! What though the bird sang above the sounding board, was it not a sweet harmony? What though the fox might pat upon the stairs, and look forth from the windows; would it not send solemn and earnest thoughts home to the heart? What though the vestibule became a fold for the sheep—is not Jesus called the lamb of God, and would not their meek innocent natures appeal for the like in our own? What though the green moss lay in tufts upon the roof, the grass nodded from the eaves, and the turf rolled itself like a fold about the tilted steps, yet most pleasantly had come down the sabbath sun to light each with a smile, and old men, too infirm for church-going,

or it may be yearning too much over the past, would have loitered about the door-way, or leaning heavily upon their crutch, have walked along the aisles, with ears too deaf to be startled by the sepulchral echoes. Oh that a plea might be heard for the old meeting-houses in which our fathers worshiped, in times when each went armed to the house of God, lest the savage should find them unprepared for defence, when worship was a great human need, to be sought through peril and death, and not as now a luxury, and an appendage to respectability.

CHAPTER II.

'Tis a new world---no more to maid,
 Warrior, or bard, is homage paid;
 The bay-tree's, laurel's, myrtle's shade,
 Men's thoughts resign;
 Heaven placed us here to vote and trade,
 Twin tasks divine!

Halleck.

The site of the Old Meeting House is now a smooth green turf, and only the grasshopper and the cricket pipe a Sabbath day song to God. The road skirting the hill is overgrown with bushes, and the pines under the shelter of the 'Gilman rock,' those dear cool pines, which kept up such a whispering all the day and seemed as if they were telling over what the lovers had said beneath

them, and trying to sigh in the same style; those old pines, so hard and smooth underneath, where no reptiles ever came, and no bushes crowded themselves, and only the winter-green came up to show off its red berries, and the Indian pipe, so wax-like in its purity, as if it once thought to be a columbine, but found itself out of place, and grew pale and tenderly beautiful, like a pure heart breaking; those social, talkative pines are deserted now. You can still see the road, and a rough one it must have been, adown which every Sunday morning might be seen the Brewster family on their way to church.

There was Mr. Brewster, a short stout man, with a fresh good-natured face, whose ruffles and velvet gave him the appearance of an overgrown boy, and who bestrode his large sleek chesnut horse with the air of a clumsy master upon the nursery hobby. Behind him, stately, in lace and brocade, perched daintily upon a pillion, her fair but haughty head rising above him, sat Madam Brewster, her shapely figure almost courtly in its careless yet proud bearing. One hand, which slightly pressed his waist, allowed the many rows of lace to fall backward and expose the handsome arm, scarcely shielded by its glove of net. From the pocket peered out amid the masses of drapery a lawn handkerchief and a bible with clasps, while

a fan of gauze, a half a yard in length, graced her fingers. A proud dame was Madam Brewster in every sense of the word, queening it over her household as few women were wont to do in those days of deference for manly prerogative — when the blessing at the board, the petition at the family altar, and the prayer in the pulpit were each and all worded in a way to make her feel that she was indeed the ‘weaker vessel.’ Mr. Brewster, good man, knew better than to indulge in any such pious arrogance, and it was currently hinted that his very smooth, almost episcopal generalizing form of prayer was carefully prepared by his good dame, and duly committed to memory by himself; for it was generally believed in the neighborhood that Madam Brewster had a leaning to the old church of England worship, ‘a hankering for the flesh-pots of Egypt,’ a spice of the ‘old leaven’ of abomination, as it was called, and even Mr. Gilman, orthodox as his doctrines were believed to be, was not without censure for not curbing the pride of his parishioner, Madam Brewster.

We have said she was a proud woman, and proud she was in every sense. Indeed, it was a rare sight, the flutter caused by the family of a sabbath morning amongst the primitive congregation, as the cavalcade swept the side of the hill

all in order, and the calm eye of the lady often quietly turned itself back to see that due decorum was preserved. Well might her pride be forgiven, for it was a goodly sight — those seven sons, each with his hair in a long braid at the back of the head, handsome boys were they, as they came two by two into the Old Meeting House, following the steps of good Mr. Brewster and his comely wife, with the pretty Lizzie at their side. Proud was she of the beauty of this fair girl, and the shapeliness of her seven boys. Proud was she as she saw Parson Gilman rise to the service as if it had waited her coming. Proud was she to see how her simple neighbors blushed and looked gratified if she by chance gave them a smile or a slight bow of recognition, for she did not attempt anything like familiarity with them. Proud was she of her wealth, and the blood in her veins, allied to the best in England. Proud was she of the memory of her father, a staunch adherent of the Stewarts, who had exiled himself for them, and died here in this new land, bequeathing to her as her best dowry, his own uncompromising principle.

Mr. Brewster certainly had little sympathy with the lofty notions of his wife, nor did she seem to expect that he should have. Whatever ambitious motives she and her family might once have entertained, had been long since abandoned,

but the haughtiness which distinguished her was an ingredient of the blood, combined with a love of sway, which, if it be not altogether amiable, must have done much in the early settlement of the country, to preserve the fine old families of the colonists from degeneracy. She was pertinacious in her adherence to the forms and usages of household matters, such as they existed at her father's house in England. There was no lack of stateliness in her arrangements, which, however becoming in themselves in a wealthy household, savored too much of aristocracy, to please the hardy democrats of the neighborhood. Parson Gilman, it is true, settled himself in the midst of these courtly trappings with the aspect of a man entirely at home, and it may be the taste of the fine old aristocrat was too well gratified, to admit of anything like pastoral reprehension. Madam Brewster went on her own way, indifferent to the cavilings of her neighbors, and so long as she appeared regularly at church, she and her household, orderly and devout, so long as all the ordinary offices of good citizenship were well filled by the Brewster family, there really seemed no just cause for complaint.

Mr. Brewster sometimes encountered a sly shrug when the subserviency of wives became the topic of conversation, and the stout radicals

of the day, sometimes relieved themselves by a covert allusion to the 'better horse,' and the like, but he, good man, took it all quite naturally, never once seeming to think he had the least to do with the matter; nor no more had he, for Madam relieved him of a world of care, managed the boys, reprimanded the servants, and made Lizzie cry, all in a stately and proper manner, thoroughly lady-like, and edifying. There was nothing left for him to do, but enjoy himself in his own way: go to church of a Sunday, with Mrs. Brewster behind him; say grace at the table; make prayers morning and evening; hold the babies for Parson Gilman to christen, and in all other ways, demean himself as a good plain honest man should.

It will be seen that in those days the family must have lived nearly apart. There was then no village nearer than Portland, which was twelve miles distant; there was no corner, no tavern then, nothing but the farm houses with long intervals between, the old Meeting House, the Parsonage and the block house. People were too much apart, and too much encompassed with peril to afford much time for neighborly interference. Excepting the Sabbath-day meetings, and the meetings for prayer, weekly, at the houses of the parish, in which the sermon of

Parson Gilman the sabbath before became the subject for discussion, people had few opportunities for social gatherings, and fewer still for country gossip. They were all orthodox in their religious opinions according even to strict Puritanic construction. They were all virtuous in their relations in life, or there would have been a gathering of the elders to inquire into the matter, and bring the parties to a right sense of the proprieties of things. There was in fact nothing left upon which gossip might expend itself, except the all engrossing and never ending subject of the pride of Madam Brewster, the extravagance of Madam Brewster, and the domination of Madam Brewster, varied by a change upon the good natured Mr. Brewster, the hen-pecked Mr. Brewster, the affable Mr. Brewster, &c.

Those were the days of decorum and good order, every man knowing that his neighbor's eye was upon him, to read the thoughts of his heart. Those were the days when a marriageable youth and maiden were a sort of public property, scrutinized by the old people with watchful guardianship, and the objects of all the artillery of simple coquetry, covert smiles, and glances from the young, every one of which became the subject of comment or surmise and were duly registered as a part of the important little drama which was

hereafter to terminate in a wedding or a heart-break, either of which would relieve the monotony of the hamlet.

Ah! but these were great days for smiles and oggles, days when each became a matter of profound interest; pretty lips had weighty meanings hid within them, bright eyes sent no random glances abroad, but each were warily used, and only with the premeditated will and consent of the fair owners. Staid and decorous Dames were they of those days, they with calm, steady eyes, compressed lips, and scanty words; they with firm step, and careful observation—they of proud humility, and many internal questionings which found no relief in words; they who bore daily the cross of ungenial ministry, of crushed and distorted sympathy silent and tearless.

CHAPTER III.

Affections are as thoughts to her, the measure of her hours;
Her feelings have the fragrance and the freshness of young flowers;
And lonely passions changing oft, so fill her, she appears
The image of themselves by turns, the idol of past years.

Pinkney.

Hitherto we have said nothing of Lizzie Brewster, fair as she was, and living like a gem in its own brightness. Except her own roystering brothers, from whom she fled half in terror, she

had no companions. Madam Brewster, though well aware of her loveliness, often marked her daughter with an anxious scrutiny, fearful that something might be a little wrong in the construction of her mind, a shade of imbecility — a chord slightly ajar, which while it imparted a grace and variety to all her thoughts made them in turn a trifle less reliable. She could not name this to Mr. Brewster, for the subject was altogether beyond his capacity of comprehension, and the thing was in reality too intangible to be well explained to any one.

In this dilemma, she laid the matter before Parson Gilman. The loud, incredulous laugh of the clear-minded good man grated upon the ears of the proud woman.

‘Ah no, Madam Brewster,’ he said, ‘you shall not be-little and be-twist the pretty lamb in this way. ‘There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the stars, and one star differeth from another star in brightness,’ but you shall not make little Lizzie no star at all, simply because she has not the power and effulgence of her mother. She is not the bright one amid others, but the one star alone in the twilight.’

‘Yes, all that is finely said, my dear sir, but my daughter is so strangely gentle, so without any particular bias in any way, that really I do not see how I am ever to look for anything in her.’

Again the Parson laughed, and Madam Brewster, not at all satisfied, was quite glad when Lizzie came in leading Charles Edward by the hand, to claim the greetings of the good Parson. He placed her a chair beside him, and in a few moments they were absorbed in one of those interminable debates as to the nature of free will, and fore-knowledge, with which the ladies of that day were in the habit of amusing their leisure moments, and employing any super-abundance of feminine fancy which might be in their possession. It was really surprising to observe the easy grace with which Lizzie wound herself in and out of these labyrinthine subjects, seizing points of rare and subtle importance, with a careless vigor, which proved herself fully equal to the matter in hand, although it might not be altogether the one desired by a girl of sixteen. Imperceptibly she glided away from the dryness of polemics, and Parson Gilman listened with delighted wonder to her graceful and discriminating admiration of Spenser and Milton, for Shakespeare was as yet little known and less approved by the Colonists. They looked upon all dramatic representation as little less than a wanton exhibition of the cloven hoof of Satan, who, sure of his victims, was at no pains to conceal his designs. But Una, with her snow-white lamb was too far removed from

human emotions to create distrust, and she — ‘in the lap of womanhood’ — was meek, as she was fair, and not at all likely to suggest that radical individuality so strongly to be learned from the characters of Shakespeare. Milton too, with his terrible and majestic Satan, that impersonation of pride against which the pilgrims strove and preached night and day; Milton, the polished courtier yet arrogant republican, the true-hearted man yet earnest puritan; Milton, with his womanly Eve, tender and meek and loving, erring yet always submissive; Milton was the idol of the Puritans, and, had his fame died out at home, had the license and oppression of courts forced him into perpetual exile, he would have found an evergreen fame here, would have been read and treasured and quoted as he is to this day with a reverence, which has half mistaken his opinions for the teachings of Holy Writ.

Allegory, mysticism, and speculation were the daily food of men dwelling in the wilderness, with all the memories of stirring thought within them, who, retaining the intellectual ferment which had wrought out a relief from papal bondage as well as relief from royal prerogative, had exiled themselves so far from the influences of each that they had left little wherewithal to satisfy the cravings of that excitement which would not subside, although the occasion was past.

Young and old partook of this tendency to abstruse and introversive thought, which it is most likely did away with much of the urgency of human affection, and much of that sentimental necessity for sympathy, which while it lends a grace often, not the less weakens the fibre of the mental constitution in a more luxurious state of society.

As yet Lizzie Brewster had naturally read and talked in accordance with the spirit of the times, excepting that a delicacy of perception, and a poetic elevation of view made her often seem to go even beyond them in her pure spirituality; and it was this, which alarmed her clear worldly minded mother into a suspicion that she might not have that practical grasp of life which she considered so essential to the dignity of the family. She never for a moment stopped to ask what might be the individual needs of any one, but what all things considered was for the manifest interest of the individual. For a girl unasked to exhibit any thing like preference for one of the other sex was in her eyes an evidence of monstrous indelicacy, to be treated like some revolting disgrace, which the good sense of a family should hide if possible from the eyes of the world; so that the indifference of Elizabeth to the youth of the period was no matter of surprise to her. She regarded it as the natural result of her careful training, and a

proof of her filial submissiveness, while the truth was there was no one with whom she could have any possible sympathy ; no one who, had he dared to lift his eyes to Lizzie Brewster, would have found the least return from the proud, intellectual and spiritual-minded girl. The mother was well aware of this, and was not slow to understand how it might be turned to her own purposes. All her ambition, all her love were centred in her seven sons, and Lizzie with her high breeding, her tenderness, her feminine gentleness, was so enigmatical to her as to be a source of distrust, if not of annoyance. Her beauty even, severely brilliant, seemed out of place in a new country like this, while it would have been so ennobling in a more refined position. But to the imperious, practical and worldly mother, her deep mysterious eyes, her calm, gentle earnestness of manner, and sweet lips expressive of the finest sensibility, were each and all the source of regret and anxiety. In truth poor Lizzie was scarcely sixteen before she had found the subject of establishing her in life one of such vast solicitude that she had determined to leave nothing undone to have her at once placed where she would be safely cared for.

CHAPTER IV.

Thou 'rt like those fine-toned spirits, gentle bird!
Which, from some better land, to this rude life
Seem borne; they struggle, 'mid the common herd
With powers unfitted for the selfish strife!
Happy, at length, some zephyr wafts them back
To their own home of peace, across the world's dull track.

Sargent.

At the distance of half a mile from Mr. Brewster's lived Mr. Malcolm, a gentleman of fortune and intelligence, a bachelor with an elderly sister, whose office was nearly a sinecure, involving nothing more than to put brother Malcolm's flannels to the fire, pour out the tea for brother Malcolm, say yes to all that brother Malcolm might utter, yawn in concert with him as dull people, who do not hate each other always will; and ride every Sunday to church where brother Malcolm always sat with his bluish green eyes fixed upon Lizzie Brewster; and go home with him after meeting, when he broke the silence by saying as he did twice every Sunday forenoon and afternoon, 'Lizzie Brewster is a very pretty girl,' at which Miss Sarah always responded, 'so she is, brother,' and no more was said for the day.

Mr. Malcolm was never known to give utterance to more than half a dozen words at any one time in his life; yet he had a way of smiling in just the right place, of lifting up his eyebrows in

a mysterious manner, and distorting his parchment cheeks by various expressions of horror or amazement, or interest, whenever any body did in any way different from what every body else did, that people imbibed the impression that Mr. Malcolm was a wonder of propriety, sense and acuteness. True he had never done one single thing in his whole life either good or bad, and his greenish blue eyes had something exceedingly disagreeable about them, yet he was so respectable, so rich, so regular at church, and so proper every way, that people could give no tangible reason for disliking him, excepting that instinctive one recorded as applicable to Dr. Fell.

Once a week he brought his sister to take tea with the Brewsters, where she sat upon the chintz sofa, and the sound made by her knitting needles as she violently hurried a pair of stockings for brother Malcolm into shape, was the only demonstration she gave of her whereabouts. Mr. Malcolm, on the contrary, listened to the energetic discourse of Madam Brewster, keeping his small full eyes fixed upon Lizzie as she sat with book in hand, or her fair fingers ran over the keys of the spinnet in the corner of the room. Mrs. Brewster, proud as she was, felt not unflattered by the respectful attentions of Mr. Malcolm, who always left her to her own ways of

thinking, unlike Parson Gilman, who paid her understanding the compliment of an occasional dissent.

Perhaps no one could well tell how it was, but in the process of time Mr. Malcolm might be seen seated by Elizabeth Brewster, his bald head showing like a withered pippin beside her viny-looking and spring-abundant beauty. It was melancholy to see his parchment cheeks half cracked into sentimental lines, and his pinky eyes devoid of lashes ready to run over with tenderness; how she bore it all it is impossible to tell; but often did she arise with neck proudly curved, and ill-suppressed disgust, and seek in some great thought, or some wild gush of melody, relief from the destiny which she in her gentleness was powerless to escape; then she, the proud worldly mother was at hand to tell her that all this was but maidenly modesty; that all would yet be well. Unaccustomed to sympathy, alone in her dove-like gentleness, pure and timid and self-distrustful, full of deep and earnest thought, and full of emotions unakin to those around her; beset by snares from the cold and the calculating, it is not surprising that the poor girl found herself in a position unsought and undesired, and without the capacity to say how it was forced upon her. Weapons had been forged from the wealth of her

own fine nature to be used against herself — her own truthfulness and affectionateness had been turned as instruments to make her the victim for the sacrifice — she was the kid seethed in its mother's milk.

Never was bride so unconsciously led to the altar; with no vanity, with nothing of the coquetries and caprice of her sex, with no affections pleading for tolerance, how could she make others feel that her soul revolted from its destiny! how teach the weakness and conceit of Malcolm to understand it, how awaken the forbearance of her haughty and calculating mother.

Rarely had the simple colonists witnessed splendor and expense equal to that which the wedding of Elizabeth Brewster furnished forth. The day was intensely cold and the rain poured in torrents, yet warmth and light and luxury within banished the thought of the gloom without. Old people shook their heads and whispered of the sadness and life-long grief which the storm betokened, but the eyes of Madam Brewster were too keen and too alert to allow currency to these prognostics.

Not one in all that household sought to know the real feelings of Elizabeth. All were intent upon the amusement which the period furnished, and not one asked the meaning of the still pale

aspect of the bride. 'Are you ill, Lizzie?' said the mother, bending her eyes sternly upon her child.

'No, Madam,' she answered, but in a voice so low and faltering it would have reached any other heart.

'Then do look up, and not appear so stupid. People will think you have n't any sense, your eyes are so dull.'

Lizzie tried to smile, for she knew her mother's pride, but it would n't come, and so she sat down and put her little hands out towards the fire and was silent.

'I do not see what is the matter of you,' said the lady impatiently; 'this has been none of my seeking; what ails you?'

Lizzie looked up again, and her mother's covert falsehood quailed before that mute appeal.

'Do try to look like something, Lizzie, I'm ashamed that a child of mine should have such a pale mawkish face.'

Lizzie placed herself before the large old mirror, and began to roll the curls about her neck, over her fingers. Madam Brewster seeing her thus engaged, left the room to order the maid to assist in dressing her. No sooner did Lizzie find herself alone than she leaned her head against the oaken frame and stood in perfect

silence. It would be difficult to describe the feelings which passed over her as she thus stood; but whatever they might have been, they were too deep and too bewildering for external expression. She neither wept nor sighed, a torpor, as of some terrible doom weighed her down to silence and apathy. Rarely might be seen a creature of greater loveliness than she thus presented. Scarcely sixteen, with a form tall for her years, and yet possessing the lightness and grace of a child — one hand grasped the frame, against which she leaned, and the falling laces revealed a rounded arm of marble whiteness, her pale forehead, high, it may be too high for gentleness, gleamed through the clustering brown curls, which swept her cheek and bosom, and nearly hid the melancholy eyes, (those eyes, which had so often provoked the sarcasms of her imperious mother,) and even brushed the round sweet lips, which were parted now, so apathetic were her feelings. As a fresh gust of wind and rain shook the casement a slight shudder passed over her, but she moved not.

Dolly, the maid, gave the last touches to the dress of the fair girl, and then stood apart in wondering delight at her loveliness. There was a quiet dignity about Lizzie, which made it difficult for any one to address her in the language of

praise ; but Dolly could not now restrain herself.

‘You are the most beautifullest creature I ever beheld,’ she cried.

Lizzie did not smile, indeed it seemed doubtful if she heard her, so fixed was the expression of her face. Then came Mr. Malcolm to lead her forth to the ceremony, and she put her hand within his like one who is to act a part in some preconcerted scene. Then followed the solemn words to which she gave no response, neither by look nor motion — those barren words, which wear so much the aspect of a contract, and so little the language of sentiment — cold words involving maintenance and duty, with no seal affixed thereto, for the Puritans rejected even this time honored and beautiful emblem of unity, the marriage ring. Then followed the sumptuous repast, and the mirth and the jest, in the midst of which Elizabeth moved so hushed and statue-like, that few could have believed all this mockery was to celebrate her nuptials. Then the old carriage of Mr. Malcolm lumbered through the drifts of snow, and wind, and rain, bearing the silent bride, pale, torpid, and like a doomed creature, to her new home.

CHAPTER V.

The garland beneath her had fallen to dust;
The wheels above her were eaten to rust;
The hands, that over the dial swept,
Grew crooked and tarnished, but on they kept,
And still there came that silver tone
From the shriveled lips of the toothless crone,
Let me never forget to my dying day
The tone of the burden of her lay,

‘Passing away ! passing away !’

Pierpont.

We must pass over a period of ten years, which brought about the usual changes of life and its concerns. Madam Brewster was nearly the same. Her handsome boys were busy in the affairs of the colony, which was approaching the great struggle resulting in our independence. Mr. Brewster had an easy leaning to the whig side, but found himself so strenuously opposed by his wife and sons, that with his constitutional dislike to energetic measures he contented himself by simply expressing good will to his hardy neighbors, and an occasional aid in a pecuniary way, while his family by correspondence abroad and active operations at home did all in their power to sustain the cause of royalty. We said Madam Brewster was unchanged. Time had left her handsome features unimpaired, her complexion was still brilliant, her form as well sustained as ever, nothing told of

the passage of years except a statelier and more determined bearing, and the silvery threads marking her abundant and still beautiful hair; these she was at no pains to conceal; for indeed Madam Brewster had little of the infirmities of vanity in her temperament, and knew perfectly well the several stages of beauty adapted to each period in life. She was too proud to appear other than what she really was, hence her contempt for all concealment of what might be the approach of age, while her coldness and haughtiness of manners forbid any allusion to the subject in her presence. She was always called the handsome Madam Brewster, and nobody thought to speculate upon her probable age, for no one thought upon the subject unless by accident her manly sons gathered about her suggested the idea of her wondrous youthfulness of aspect as being their mother.

And where was Lizzie all this time, the pale, girlish bride sent from the shelter of home upon that night of storm and darkness? Miss Malcolm had ceased to ply the needles in the chimney corner. She had long since ceased to yawn in concert with brother Malcolm or to respond to his few sentences of interest in what passed before him, for a cold and fever had laid her quietly down to her long sleep. Strange as it might seem, Mr.

Malcolm nearly disappeared from church and places of public resort, and seemed more shy and taciturn than ever. Lizzie too—her existence was well nigh forgotten. People were absorbed in the stirring events of the time, and the old low house, so silent, so hushed, so solitary from year to year, was rarely a subject of thought. Speculation was sometimes afloat respecting the inmates, but no one presumed to interfere with what seemed to be matters so entirely belonging to themselves. Besides Madam Brewster was well known to regard her daughter with a strange severity, and few were willing to face the rebuke of her proud eyes and withering tongue.

For awhile Lizzie might be seen in the pew of Mr. Malcolm of a sabbath morning, and then the worshipers, who did not fail to scrutinize her, observed that her figure was more slight than formerly, and a touching waviness approaching a stoop gave a peculiar tenderness to her air; the little fingers which pressed the psalm-book were very fair and slender, and the blue veins of the wrist might all be traced through the transparent skin. As she passed her father's pew she exchanged gentle greetings, rather reserved and timid it was thought with her mother, but Charles Edward she would kiss, and then pass on, nor lift her eyes to the many who longed for a glance from her sweet face.

At length she disappeared altogether, and it was rumored that Lizzie was in effect a prisoner in her own house. A melancholy look had the house indeed. Enormous elms, which should have tossed their long branches forth to the light, had drooped themselves around the roof of the lone dwelling and the common people did not fail to recall the superstition that grief to its inmates is indicated thereby. They remembered that the first blessed day of spring, which should have called gladness about the young bride's home, beheld an owl brooding upon the roof. Then came the swallow to build its nest about the eaves and in the stones of the cold chimney. A sad aspect did the mansion wear with its clustering elms, and singing birds, and all else so hushed. Rarely was the Lady seen about the premises, or if, by chance, a passer by caught a glimpse of her, amid the abundant shrubbery of the old grounds or through the open casement, her look of intense sadness, her sweet unchanged melancholy beauty affected him like something supernatural? Why did she thus hold herself apart from human sympathy? surely those round, sweet lips, those deep, loving eyes, and that low-toned, gentle voice betokened all that is best and dearest in the affluence of womanhood!

We must add ten years more to the ten already

passed, during which Lizzie had scarcely crossed the threshold. No one knew why it was so, although a general dislike existed with regard to Mr. Malcolm. No one believed that a being so ardent, so full of life and thought as Lizzie Brewster had been in her girlhood, would thus voluntarily immure herself in this way from all the genialities of life.

At length, one morning, the old servant of the family hobbled over to the Brewster house, a distance of some miles, requesting the immediate attendance of Madam Brewster.

Did Mr. or Mrs. Malcolm send? No, Mrs. Malcolm does n't stir from the sofa, and Mr. Malcolm won't speak to nobody. The proud woman's heart sank within her.

On reaching the house, Mr. Malcolm, wasted to a mere shadow, was found seated in a large chair in the centre of the room, with his small pinky blue eyes intently fixed upon the form of Lizzie, which was curled up enveloped in masses of drapery upon one end of the sofa, her head resting upon her arms and her eyes closed.

'Why do you not speak to her?' cried Madam Brewster, shaking his arm violently, and dreading herself to approach her child.

Mr. Malcolm, without moving his eyes, answered mechanically, 'She will not let me.'

‘Go to her, speak to her, man, what are you afraid of?’ said the stern woman once more.

‘I dare not,’ was the reply, and nothing was left but for the mother to solve the terrible mystery, for indeed she seemed as one dead. Lizzie unclosed her eyes, but they were listless, and she seemed unconscious of all that passed before her. When she was borne away to her chamber, Malcolm followed with his eyes, cold and pale, fixed upon her face. Some simple cordials restored her to a partial degree of vigor, and she became aware of his presence. Raising herself up with an energy to which she seemed a moment before totally unequal, she pointed her thin hand towards him.

‘Take that man from my presence, and, mother, if you hope for peace in your dying hour, let *me* die, without those hateful eyes upon my face. Oh God, for what have I lived!’ she cried, sinking backwards upon the pillow. A few days closed the scene, and Madam Brewster, stung to the heart, stricken with remorse, and her proud intellect humbled that she had so little comprehended a creature whose existence but for her might have been one of love and life-imparting happiness, returned to her dwelling to mourn over that which could never be recalled.

At the direction of Elizabeth she took from

beneath an old chest some sheets of paper, upon which she had inscribed some faint records of her sad life, which the mother read, and never from that time was known to smile.

CHAPTER V.

I saw a form about my bed,
That alway shrunk from him with dread :
'T would come by night, 't would come by day,
But clearest in the moonbeam show.
Then alway as it nearer drew
Ere melting from my wistful view,
With palm reversed it seemed to say,
If yet with me thou wilt not go ;
Keep him, *oh, keep but him away.*

Hoffman.

SUNDAY. Dolly has just brought me some flowers — the first fresh blossoms of spring. My heart leaps at their beauty ; I feel as if they were tokens from the angels, telling me that such a thing as happiness does exist somewhere, though not for me. I would kiss them, I would weep over them, but I feel that his eyes are upon me somewhere ; somewhere peering in with their dead, pale glare. I feel that he is somewhere watching my motions, and I would rather he should feel me to be the icy, impassable abstraction, I have schooled myself to appear, than know what my heart tells me I might be.

* * * * *

I felt that he must be near me. I felt it by the dead weighty atmosphere that hung like a bat over me ; and there he stood at the door, waiting to catch the sound of my breath, the fall of my foot ; would to God some great thought might awake, no, might find a lodgement in his

mind, to crowd out this imbecile tenacity upon a subject which admits of no change; I must write these things, must give form, coherency to my thoughts, or I shall go frantic, and then I must burn all, all, for he will search, search forever, till he finds the record. And yet could I keep these things from year to year, it might, meseems, afford a comfort to read them over, and see how each succeeding one witnessed the triumph of higher thought and purpose, and a nobler surrenderment to God, of what — alas, indeed of what — of what but a poor infirm, outraged heart, which hath never known its idols — never stooped to vain worship, but alone, in silence and secrecy, hath trimmed a barren fane, hath guarded a pure light, against which no wind hath blown; affections which have found nothing akin upon earth, must be wafted heavenward — where, then, is the glory, the triumph? for preachers tell of taking up the cross, that is, of living counter to the impulses of our own natures, distrusting all that affords delight, and in proportion as we recoil from a destiny, so in proportion should we submit thereto, for this is virtue, this is subjecting the inferior to the higher, this is making reason triumph.

* * * * * Ah! what is life but a succession of sophistries? what is truth to human eyes but the view which each one has of a face over which his own desires have spread dim shadows? and what is truth from God's altar, let me not blaspheme, but the associated views of men, who dole out what they in their littleness deem it safe for men to know.

FRIDAY. My Diary has escaped him, yet I know he hath searched everywhere to find it; yes, even pried up the old cold chimney, where I once hung it beside the swallow's nest; he has searched there again, and here is the poor thing's nest upon the stones, blood too, he has killed the young upon the hearthstone; and that was what all the

twittering I heard meant. Well, the evil be upon his own head. They say swallows build about the out-houses, but never visit the eaves of a dwelling where peace is; I do believe it. Last night Dolly chased a bat from my window — poor thing it might have staid.

But here is my Diary, which he hath not yet seen. The thought is an exultation. I feel as if winged, so pleasant is it to find a record known only to God and my own heart. Meseems it is a profanation to yield up the sanctuary of the soul to human eyes, or it would be to his. I shall go wild, indeed how often do I test the coherency of my mind, lest I may already have lost a portion of its clearness, so bewildered do I become by this silence, this solitude, and *his* pale eyes glaring upon me wherever I am: such eyes, unchanging, wall-like, and moving wherever I move. I will try myself in that art, which I remember good Parson Gilman used sometimes to call, 'the down dropped from the wings of angels in the hands of good men, but in the hands of bad men was nought but the pin-feathers of Satan.' It may be an idle art, but I will bless God for the gift since it has been the antidote to grief, without which my soul had clean died out. Meseems after reading the divine Milton, it is presumption and unseemliness to touch a single stop of melody; but since no ear but mine will be jarred at the discord, I will e'en go on.

AIMLESS AND HOPELESS.

Oh weary life! it were an easy task
To lay thee down. Thou hast no boon for me,
No beaoning lure save veiled eternity.
Still must I struggle to endure, nor ask
Nor hope for aught, save that which wears the mask
Of joy, to hide the heart's deep agony.
I rise each morn with but the single prayer
For strength life's heavy load of ill to bear
And lay me down at night with all the claims
Of human hearts, called forth in our weak hour,

Each pleading for its own with voice of power.
 Ah! wherefore struggle thus debarred from aims
 Which fill the soul with their triumphant dower,
 And write o'er crushed and weary hearts immortal names.

SUNDAY. The rain pours in torrents, and the terrible wind roars through the old house. The sounds, which others often like to hear, fill me with the saddest emotions. I was cast forth from the home roof in such a night. No wonder all people have regarded a stormy bridal as ominous of evil, the fates, even the merciful fates, shrieking as it were their disapproval. 'A lowery day and lowery bride,' I remember hearing some one quote upon that day so fearful to me. I will reproach no one. It must be a blessed thing for a child to feel itself understood, its nature cared for and loved. I wonder if I am unlike others, or if so, the worse for the unlikeness. Well let it pass, I shall never know. I dare say people get tired of loving each other, even my father and my brothers seem to forget my existence. I will write about it, or I shall weep myself blind.

SUCCORLESS.

O thou with grief and pain oppressed,
 In thy lone chamber make thy moan,
 Nor hope for sympathizing breast,
 'T will weary soon.

Love for the gay and careless heart,
 But not for thee his blessed boon;
 At sight of tears he will depart,
 Weary full soon.

Above thy head the gourd may rise
 To shield thee from the fervid noon,
 But e'er the crimson twilight dies,
 'T will wither soon.

'Tis not for thee, thou stricken vine,
 To stretch thy tendrils, yearning one,
 The prop thy weakness would entwine,
 Will weary soon.

Take not the cup, though faint of soul,
 Which human ministry doth own,
 For all aside the drops will roll,
 And mock thee soon.

Seek thou the barren rock for rest,
 Pillow thy head upon a stone ;
 'T were better than a human breast,
 Weary so soon.

FRIDAY. How I have lived in illusions ! how by the creations of my own soul I have lived in a world by myself. Ah, how the blue sky, the hushed stars have sunk like a great beautiful mystery into my spirit ! How the blossoms have been angel-tokens of love to me, and I have placed all that taste could summon in this new country to help out these illusions. How like a nun I have lived ! and how little do I know of what is beyond these walls. Dolly says she hears there is war, and great trials and rebellions in the country, yet I know nothing of these things.

Why have I lived ? and yet now that I can escape *his* presence I am not unhappy. Yet I am feeble and may die soon, and then, Oh God ! *he* will come, *his* eyes will be upon me, his presence weigh like a cloud upon me. I shall go mad. No, I will pray God to spare me this most terrible of all calamities. I will 're-word' the past, that I may be sure that all is right with me.

MONDAY. I have been looking in the glass to see what tricks time has played upon me. Sooth to say he must have been strangely kindly. I am pale but not a line has he traced, and my hair falls like a banner over a marble capitol, truly it is most abundant, thanks to the good Dolly,

who devotes herself to all that concerns me. This morning, when the faithful being sat down to dress it, I laid my head against her kind old heart, and wept like a very child. I do not know why I should weep, for I, who have never known happiness, excepting as God has poured it into my soul through thought and truth, surely why should I weep that the scene is drawing to a close. Yet so it is. Poor old Dolly! she did not try to comfort me, she only laid her shriveled hand upon my head, and whispered, 'Bless the dear lamb!' I feel as if I should dissolve in tears: my life has been a blank. Like a child I have lived. Years have passed over me, yet am I still a child. I feel the stirrings of great and beautiful thought within me, but alas! I know not how others in the great world are stirred, and these things may be but the humors of the blood lifting thought into activity, thought which had been as nothing had my life been one of action.

TUESDAY. My nerves must be strangely attenuated. I hear the slightest sound—my sight is so distinct that meseems I see through the lids—and the perfume of the flowers which Dolly brings me affects me to faintness, all but the rose, that loveliest of flowers, which has an odor, so fresh, so like the elements of all other sweet smells that I can bear it always. It is to the senses what beauty is to the soul. I begin to awake to a sense of what I am and what I might have been. Oh God! spare me the sight; I cannot bear it now. Too late, too late, for the material world, for the bonds are wasted to a thread which bind me here. I feel as if buoyed by the wings of angels, as if even now their pure forms were defined in the thin air. I hear pleasant voices in the garden of the soul, and I tremble not to that which says, 'where art thou?' Am I not here a child even now? I am glad to see that I have but small space left me, for my thoughts grow too mighty for

me, too mighty for this prison house. The great fighting, trafficking, hard world is too terrible a world for me to encounter. I will e'en try to dream again. I will put by the stirrings of this spirit for truly it is not meet for me. I will read that which it prompted me to write last night.

DESPAIR.

There is a Lake whose sullen wave
Reflects no image on its breast;
No flitting bird its wing doth lave,
No blossom on its margin rest;
But silence, solemn and profound,
Broods on the solitary shore;
And crumbling ruins strewed around
Tell those who come returned no more.

And thus my bosom hushed to rest,
Shall break no more its death-like sleep.
With dreams perturbed no more oppressed,
I wake no more, to watch and weep.
My perished hopes revive no more,
Hushed and for aye my trembling fears;
Faith points no promise from the shore;
I nothing have to do with tears.

Ah! wherefore o'er this sullen lake
Must I my lightsome banner fling?
Why on its stagnant pulse awake
Where dead knells only round me ring?
My freighted barque goes silent down,
A sealed up mine of wealth is there.
One fitful gleam a moment thrown,
Then sinks in silence and despair.

Alas! it is not well to write in this wise; yet I thank God, who has given me more strength to endure than things like these might seem to imply. It must be that when a Poet utters his complaint he does so because he hath a strength beyond, and he permits his heart to bleed,

as it were, because he hath a great strong heart, which is eased thereby.

* * * * *

There was little more than this, the life-long record, it would appear, having been destroyed, rather than have it desecrated by the action of uncongenial eyes. And thus, unknown, unministered to, in silence and in grief, lived and died one of God's blessed messengers for good, a sweet bird of song, which might have soared to the very gates of heaven; but mewed in the owl's nest, grew fearful at its own voice, and thus expired.

ILLUSIONS.

BY EMMA C. EMBURY.

‘Shadows we are, and shadows we pursue.’

NUMBER the riches by thy memory hoarded,
 Relics of joys thy by-past years have known, —
 How many *real* things has life afforded ?
 How much *true* light was o’er thy pathway thrown ?

’T was fancy’s hand bestowed the fairy treasures
 That made thee rich in boyhood’s golden time,
 Imagination deepened all youth’s pleasures,
 Illusion brightened all thy manhood’s prime.

Seen thro’ the wave of time above them sweeping,
 Hope’s broken fanes in softer splendor gleam,
 The retrospective eye forgets its weeping,
 The past wears all the glory of a dream.

How can we say *this* joy, or *that* was real,
When all have past like visions of the night ?
How can we know the *true* from the *ideal* ?
Which glowed with *inward*, which with *outward* light ?

It needs not we should ask ; — the grave's dark portal
Soon shuts this world of shadows from our view,
Then shall we grasp realities immortal,
If to the truth within us we are true.

BROOKLINE, L. I.

THE VALENTINE.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

ZENAS PLUMMER had been 'the school master abroad,' for about thirty years, nearly all of which had been passed in the thriving town of Goshen, where he had finished the education of all the middle aged men and women of the town, and, in turn, taught 'the young idea how to shoot,' of all their children year by year, so that he might, in truth, be called the sole manufacturer of thought for the place; it is true that Parson Wilton did up much of the religious part of it, but then Zenas was a staunch polemic, who had more than once worsted the Parson in argument, and it was well known that of a Sunday, when the good man had any very strong point to make in his sermon, he would fix his eyes upon the schoolmaster, as much as to say, answer that if you can. Neither party, however, was fond of this kind of warfare, which generally resulted in a cordial shake of the

hand, and a 'well, well, its no use to argufy,' which seemed an amicable adjustment of all difficulties between them.

Zenas was one of those happy beings who take in everything as by an easy instinct. He dipped into all sorts of knowledge, for which his mind had a natural affinity, and it sat as easily upon him as did his dinner upon his stomach, which had never been known to cause him the slightest trouble. He knew everything that anybody knew, nothing surprised him, nothing perplexed him. Indeed, where others grow pale and lean upon study, Zenas grew fat, and hearty, and this because he could see no merit in earnestness of any kind; one way of thinking was to him just as good as another. He could argue upon both sides of a question equally well, because he did not believe either. He had notions upon all subjects, opinions upon none. He was a teacher of facts, not truths, and he never once dreamed that this state of mind was not the very highest. He had no sensibilities, but a great deal of good nature. A slap on the back, a chuck under the chin, or a grotesque story, he thought the readiest way to cure all little ills, and the great ones were duly handed over to Dr. Balsam or Parson Wilton, as the case might be.

It will be conceived that Master Plummer was

a universal favorite. That nothing could be complete without him, there could be no fun, no anything unless Master Plummer was there to share it. He had seen the village and the people grow up under his own eye, and he held the key by which he locked and unlocked every mind. He had no new-fangled notions about teaching, to amaze and dropsify the brains of the little ones, but ideas were laid in one after another, upon their tender plastic brains, straight and orderly, without jostling or commotion. The consequence was, that elections, from that of 'field driver,' upward to member of Congress, were conducted with a coolness altogether surprising, in our fidgety republic, and all the people, young and old, had a placid, well used look in Goshen ; for nothing creates leanness and radicalism like your little crooked thought, popping hither and thither in a brain, and unable to find its proper lodgement.

It did one's heart good to see how everything remained in statu quo in Goshen. The regularity with which the christenings took place. The order in which the boys grew into pantaloons, and the girls out of pantaletts — how everybody appeared in everybody's pew of a Sunday — how the men talked politics under the sign post at the tavern, and the women gossipped to their neigh-

bors over the way, out of chamber windows, and the little children stopped 'hop-scotch' to hear what they were saying—how the same little ridges of grass between the wheel ruts grew bright every spring, and the dandelion brought out its inveterate cheerfulness all along the sod, flaunting its good natured face as if there were nothing like it in the wide-world, and the little stunted white clover would grow by the way-side, only because the bee couldn't get his pipe down to the nectary of the red, poor thing! and might else starve.

Then the girls tried 'tricks' in Goshen at the new and the full moon, and at Halloween, and hung four-leaved clovers over the door, and eat salt cakes and everything else that caused dreams such as maidens love. But St. Valentine's day was the day of days in the good town of Goshen. Here it was that Zenas Plummer appeared in all his glory. Indeed, lightly as he held his multifarious knowledge, Zenas certainly did pride himself upon his ability to weave language into rhyme and rythm. He never presumed to call himself a Poet, for even he, careless as he was, had an intuitive sense that poetry was something beyond these, but he delighted in making ugly words lie straight in metre, and seeing the delighted surprise of the good people at his achieve-

ments in this way. All the youth in the place came to him for Valentines and he wrote them by scores for himself. It must have been a great thing to be the Poet of a village like Goshen, alone in one's glory, and Zenas Plummer was not slow to appreciate his position.

Now Zenas had boarded for some years in the household of Simon Hanson, a prosperous farmer, himself a hearty good fellow like the rest of the Goshenites, and his wife the very embodiment of kindness, simplicity and every day goodness. She kept the whitest linen and the whitest curds of anybody in the village — talked less scandal than anybody else, and more right down matter of fact sense than any other woman dead or alive who ever was in Goshen. When she told a story she went right on with it, no matter who or what was in the way till she came to the winding up, when she took a long breath, smoothed down her apron, which implied, that's all.

She was direct in everything — she whipped little Simon because he spilled Grandfather's cider and snatched at things, and she kissed him the next minute because he looked pitiful blubbering at such a rate. She scolded her husband and laughed at him too, but grew red and suspicious if the schoolmaster aimed his jokes at the same subject. Zenas could flatter her into the making

of the strongest possible cup of coffee, and Dr. Balsam would send her a walk of three miles to see some poor neighbor sick of a fever, or moping with melancholy. Her laugh was contagious, and her credulity proportioned to the honesty of her own nature.

In our catalogue of the many accomplishments of the master, we have failed to mention his taste for metaphysics. Locke, Stewart, Read and Brown, he read with a whimsical curiosity to see in what way one differed from another, when each one took his own perceptions of things for a general standard. He dipped into Coleridge at length, and one of his stories suggested the freak which is the basis of our tale. His own imperturbable nerves, and deficient sensibilities, made him wickedly desirous often-times, to test the power of sympathy upon others. Coleridge's story of the students, who one after another waylaid the poor countryman, each with a look and word, commiserating his appearance of extreme illness, they having stationed themselves at some distance from each other on the road, so that he never suspected the trick, but deluded by their sympathy, actually grew ill and was carried home, quite inspired Zenas Plummer to do something of the same kind.

St. Valentine's eve was approaching — this was

the lucky time. It should be a Valentine trick ; but who was to be the subject. Why Mrs. Hanson to be sure. True Mrs. Hanson was the cheerfulest creature alive, and the most unromantic conceivable ; she was growing stout too, in her good temper and worldly comfort. Nevertheless, Mrs. Hanson it should be. Accordingly, he gave honest Simon an inkling of the joke, who entered into it with due zest. This was enough. Zenas sat himself to the preparation of the Valentines, and engaged his messengers to bring them to the door.

The time approached ; a letter was brought for Mrs. Hanson. She stared as well she might, for not a living being did she know out of the village.

‘A Valentine, a Valentine,’ cried Simon, pointing to two little fat pigeons in the corner of the paper. Hannah cast her eyes about in wild amazement, and then sprang from her chair in a fit of laughter, while the Master seized her by the arm, determined she should stay by and hear it read ; little Simon was doing his best to get hold of the paper, and making all the fuss in his power to keep up a little row.

At length Hannah took a chair, and Zenas Plummer placed himself where he could look right into her face, and sure enough the newness of the thing had called up all her latent blushes,

and the smile was going from off her lips and her eyes drooping with expectation. Simon read :

TO HANNAH.

I had not thought this breaking heart
Could ever live to blame thee ;
I had not thought that lips of mine,
Again would dare to name thee,
Hannah dear.

I thought in silence and alone
My fatal love to cherish ;
As human hearts will fondest nurse
The hopes that soonest perish,
Hannah dear.

Ah, why so lovely and so fair,
If but to work my ruin ?
Why did I look upon thy eyes,
That must be my undoing,
Hannah dear ?

Why art thou in my dreams of night,
My earliest thoughts of morning ;
I, who as boy have felt thine hate,
As man thy woman scorning,
Hannah dear ?

Here Hannah could contain herself no longer. 'Poor, poor Jackson, I did n't think there was so much in him, I did n't,' but a loud rap at the door caused her to stop suddenly, while Simon gave her a downright scowl of jealousy, interrupted however by Zenas, who pinched him sharply upon the elbow.

‘Another Valentine, as I live,’ cried Hannah,
‘was there ever!!’

Here Simon again prepared himself to read,
although for a joke his face was somewhat out of
shape.

TO ———

Oh! be thou, dear, yon radiant star,
Fixed and eternal in the sky,
And I will worship thee afar,
With Love's untiring eye.

Be thou a sun and I will bow
With zeal might shame the Parsee's knee.
Be anything thou art not now,
And I will worship thee.

Take back the word; be what thou art;
I dare not, cannot love thee less.
Upon thy shrine I lay my heart,
For thee to ban or bless.

Hannah threw her apron over her head, and
rocked back and forth in silence, and though two
more Valentines came to the door, she did not
show her face at all. The third ran in this wise.

TO MY VALENTINE.

'T is madness, 't is folly, this love I have cherished .
She knows not its worth, she heeds not its zeal;
She knows not the hopes nor the aims that have perished,
Since I of her fickleness first learned to feel.

She covets a love that is lower than mine,
That will leave her to sport like a moth in the sun ;
The fondness where fancy and pleasure may twine,
The blossoms that fade ere the garland is done.

Too solemn, too grave, too earnest by far,
The wealth of a soul I have squandered away,
Mistook a balloon with its gas for a star,
And madly have worshiped its wildering ray.

Down went Hannah's apron, and she broke forth in spite of the tears upon her cheeks.

'Call me a balloon — me a balloon, who never even wore a starched petticoat in my life. Who asked him to love me? I never did. A love lower than his too, I guess, my Simon —'

Zenas called her to order, declaring these things really grew very serious. He did n't see what would come of it. There seemed more, too, of the same kind.

'Let us have it,' cried Hannah. 'I should like to know what worse he can say.'

Poor slave of thy charms, I have roused me again,
From the voice that would lure me I shuddering turn ;
If love such as mine hath been lavished in vain
Its shackles aside from my path I will spurn.

I am free, I am free, I have rooted it out,
This love so absorbing so wild and so vain ;
I have cast from me hope, from me faith and all doubt,
And I stand in the strength of my manhood again.

'There let him stand,' said Hannah, growing quite red, but in a moment more she began to rock herself violently, and burst into tears.

‘Oh dear, oh dear, I can’t love everybody, ye know I can’t, Simon. What shall I do?’

Zenas now unfolded another paper, only casting a look of great commiseration upon poor Hannah.

TO HANNAH.

BY THEE FORSAKEN.

The night wind cometh to my brow,
But cannot soothe its pain,
Oh! what can peace restore to one
Who loveth but in vain;
Who nurseth pangs which keener grow,
As every hour recalls thy voice,
Whose matchless tones, whose thrilling flow
Made my wild pulse rejoice.

Thy look, the beaming of thine eye
I feel are on me now;
And my heart leaps with wild delight,
As thou and only thou
Canst move its cold and tranquil beat;
I feel the pressure of thine hand,
Thine own dear lip I meet,
My cheek by thy fond sigh is fanned.

Oh God thou art not lost,
Thou art mine own, mine own;
Fate hath no shaft to wound me now,
I am not all alone;
’T is past; the night wind sweepeth by;
’T is past; the pale still moon looks down;
Oh! can it light another eye
As cold and cheerless as mine own.

’T is past, and thou perchance dost dream,
Perchance in murmurs low,
Another heart doth beat to hear
Thy voice’s thrilling flow.

I'll bless thee wheresoe'er thou art,
I'll bless thee while I may,
Lest this wild tumult of the heart
Should bar the power to pray.

Here a half hysterical sob burst from Hannah. 'How unhappy he must be. Oh, I did n't know it, how could I? Why was I ever born to make so much misery? I am as bad as Amanda Malvina, who broke the hearts of everybody.'

A terrible roar of laughter from Zenas and Simon stopped her sobs in the very budding. The experiment had been complete. How it fared with poor Simon it is hard to say, but certain it is Zenas Plummer the very next day had to find a new boarding house, Hannah declaring she would never stay in the house with such a cheat.

JACK LANGTON.

A FRAGMENT.

BY MRS. LUCY K. WELLS.

AUTHOR OF A MOTHER'S PLEA FOR THE SABBATH.

'A Creature not too bright nor good
For human nature's daily food ;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.'

JACK LANGTON was in his childhood a sallow, black-haired boy, with a short, chubby frame, and black eyes which, though deep set and expressive, yet danced in the light of frolic and fun. Jack's exterior was far from fascinating, and little care did he bestow upon it ; indeed, care for the present, or anxiety for the future, never entered his cranium. To play — play — and talk — buzz — buzz, all the day long, was all his wish. No matter whether he had listeners or

not, his tongue still went on. 'Ah!' said John Grant, when the whole band were out gathering blackberries, 'I know we are coming near Jack — do n't you hear his din? Well, Jack, what fairy are you talking to now?' 'Oh,' said he with a good-humored laugh, 'I am keeping account of my blackberries; I can tell you now just how many hundred I have!' A contemptuous laugh passed around the young group, but to ridicule, he was perfectly impervious. Nothing ever disturbed his equanimity but care of any kind, and this he would quickly shake from him.

On one occasion, when he was a little fellow, a stranger gave to each of the boys a copper. The others quickly disposed of theirs; but Jack showed a most lordly contempt of the trifles they had obtained. He stood for a while balancing the troublesome guest between finger and thumb, while his brow for about five minutes was furrowed with anxious cogitations how to dispose of it. He could not come to a decision; but suddenly his face brightened, and running with all his might to the cow-yard, he gave it a toss into the pond in the middle, and then walked off with an air of as much relief and exultation, as Charles fifth might have felt after laying down his crown. This was looked upon as sealing his destiny; and he was doomed to perpetual improvidence and

poverty, by the 'dollar and cent' fathers and mothers.

At school, nobody ever saw his eyes on his book, yet his lessons were always perfect; and though he was at leisure for all mischievous tricks, he so won upon the good will of 'the master' as always to escape with impunity. In spelling, he had but one rival; this was Scip., a young, shining faced African, two years older than himself, gifted with the ready memory, and exhaustless good humor of the race. It was then the custom to *spell down*, as it was termed. The whole school being arranged in a circle in the open area, each, as soon as he mis-spelt a word, dropped into his seat. Jack and Scip. were usually left at opposite sides, the only standing heroes of the drama. Once, Jack seemed to feel his situation a little grotesque, and, while the master was stilling some noisy culprits in another quarter, stole his green spectacles from the table, and coolly surveyed his rival through them, from top to toe. 'Well, Sir,' said the pedagogue, turning round with an air of determined sternness, 'how does he look?' 'Like a blue dye, Sir,' replied Jack with immovable gravity, which was followed by bursts of laughter from all quarters, in which the master was compelled to join. Mr. Langton's kitchen was the resort of

all the boys of the neighborhood in the winter evenings, for play. It was a merry scene. The moon looked brightly in at the two little windows towards the east, a fire of logs, enough to warm half a dozen rooms in these degenerate days, blazed in the ample fire-place, while the unpainted pine floor, so worn by frequent footsteps that every knot stood out in bold relief, was pressed by busy and joyous feet. Sometimes, as a special favor, the little girls would join them; and then Blind-man's-buff, Button, and Hunt-the-slipper took the place of more noisy games. Scip was generally one of them. In that happy day and region of republican simplicity, no disgrace was attached to his color, and his good nature, musical powers, and agility in all their games, made him a universal favorite. Jack alone, seemed to bear some little grudge to his rival; and sometimes when they were practicing the hazardous game of fire-eating, when it came his turn to whirl the torch, he would, by the merest accident, and with a most innocent look, approach it so near as just to singe the woolly glory of Scip's head; and while the others were laughing, scolding, and hemming at the odor that filled the room, he was kindly engaged in offering sympathy to the sable sufferer.

Till his sixteenth year, young Langton remained

the same. Seizing with the quickness of intuition, every opportunity of improvement, while joining in all the frolics of the boys, teasing the girls, yet gaining their good will by his ready wit and noble generosity. The weak and oppressed found in him, even at that early age, a constant and fearless advocate and protector; and whoever wanted, was sure to receive aid, if at the expense of any effort, or self sacrifice, he could afford it. His parents now began to speak of his future destination in life. They had been well educated, and when they commenced life, were wealthy; but becoming the prey of swindlers, Mr. Langton, with the wreck of his fortune, retired into the country, and with cheerful industry devoted himself to cultivating a little farm. He was respected and beloved by his townsmen, for his integrity, business habits, and quiet benevolence; and in the kindly offices of *neighborhood* in its broadest sense, and the happiness of his home, he soon ceased to regret all he had lost. The moral culture which young Langton received, was of the most pure and elevating character. The mother, a woman of strong native powers, and uncommon energy of character, was a christian. Hers was an every-day religion, carried out into the ordinary occupations of life, and regulating her principles and her thoughts in her daily paths.

Her diligence and cheerful industry were unwearyed, and hence she hailed the Sabbath as a day of delightful rest from week-day cares, and as affording leisure to think of the themes always so dear to her. The week, with her, never encroached upon the sabbath. One hour before the setting of the sun, on Saturday evening, and while the hum of business was all around her, all worldly occupations ceased in her neat and orderly dwelling. Every thing before that hour, was arranged for the coming day, and then, with a cheerful air, as if it were the eve of a festival, her children were called together, and instructed from the sacred page.

Parents then had not the many helps to duty, in the form of books, which now threaten wholly to supplant that sweetest and purest of moral influences, instruction from the lips of a mother. Even the single copy of Watts Divine Songs for children, which she had possessed in her youth, could not be replaced. But its contents, with all their simple loveliness, were engraven on her memory, and 'Whene'er I take my walks abroad,' 'How doth the little busy bee,' and many others from the same pure fount, were repeated again and again, till her young auditors could repeat them too. Well was that mother repaid for her cares. Her children indeed cost her many a

watchful night and weary step in their infancy, but they never made her heart ache in later life.

When Jack was in his sixteenth year, a well selected circulating library was opened in the adjoining village. It was a new world to him. He eagerly devoured, rather than read, all the books it contained, whether history, travels, theology, or fiction; and not only read, but made it all his own. It was incorporated in his very existence — became a part of himself. He now wore a more thoughtful mein. Gaiety and good humor still marked his conversation, but it was occasionally shaded by reflections and thoughts far beyond his years. His thirst for knowledge was not to be repressed; it became the master-passion of his soul; and his parents consented that he should seek a public education, if he could acquire it by his own exertions. He asked no more, but went gaily on, never for a moment doubting his final success. His preparatory studies were pursued under a private teacher, whom he surprised by the quickness of his perceptions, the rapidity with which he seized on the most important points, and the spirit of research which made him always ask a *reason* for every thing. His studies were indeed often interrupted by the necessity of engaging in other employments to defray his expenses. In the merry, but

laborious season of hay-making, he was seen with his firmly knit frame, and animated countenance, among the foremost rank of the hay-makers. Then the frolicsome spirit of his childhood would at times break out again ; and the joke, the repartee, or the amusing tale, half truth, half fiction, would make the rustics forget the threatening cloud in the west, and lean idly upon their rakes and pitch-forks, even over the half formed win-rows. His ready hand could be turned to anything, and many a repaired farming tool, bore witness to his mechanical skill. Neither body or mind ever seemed to feel weariness, and when the evening came, his flute, on which he had learned, nobody knew how, to play with taste and skill, drew a group of delighted listeners around him on the grass-plot before the door.

His parents, by economy and industry, had now gathered many comforts and some luxuries around them, and thought they might venture to afford him some aid ; but he nobly refused. ‘No, mother,’ said he, ‘I shall not take that money to buy books ; I have never seriously wanted for coppers yet ; if I did give my first a wild toss. That was an offering to fortune, and the fickle goddess has so far wonderfully favored me. Take that money, mother, and buy a chaise ; you have worked hard for us, and now it is time for you to

take some comfort, and enjoy rest in your old age.' A tear in his mother's eye, more eloquent than words, repaid him for the sacrifice. 'Thank you, thank you, brother,' said Jane, a lively girl younger than himself. 'I am tired of riding on a side-saddle, and 't will be so delightful to have a chaise, so that two can ride, without that awkward blue pillion lashed on to poor Dobbin's back. But then, brother, what will you do for books? I heard Mr. Vinton tell you how many you would want; and then your old hat and coat, — you must have a whole new suit before commencement.' 'Never mind, little sis,' — said he, playfully kissing her forehead, and twining his fingers in her rich dark brown curls, as she, half pouting, attempted to push him away, — 'I have saved some money from last summer's hay-making, and next winter I shall take a school. Never fear for me,' he added with an air of buoyant, though calm confidence in his own powers, 'I know I shall succeed. And when I am a lawyer, with an income of two thousand dollars a year, you shall have a pony so gentle that you can drive it yourself — and a morocco-bound copy of Milton and Cowper and Thomson — and —'

'Oh Jack you are going crazy.'

'No, no — stranger things than that have happened.'

It was a bright November morning, when, full of hope and glee, he started for his distant school. Some days before his departure had been devoted to little repairs and improvements about the house. A stove was placed in a back sitting room, the doors and windows were carefully latched to keep out the cold air; and when about to go, he said, 'Mother, there is a warm corner for you, where you may laugh at the storms as they come sweeping down from the mountains.' He was to go on foot—a trifling task for his active frame. His bundle, containing a few books, his linen, the warm lamb's wool hose knit by the maternal hand, and two extra fine linen collars that Jane had procured for her favorite brother, was slung upon a stick over his shoulder. It was the first time he had been long absent from the paternal home; and though his voice was joyous as ever, he winked hard to keep back a tear of which he was heartily ashamed, as he bade good by to father and mother, and gave the parting kiss to Jane. But the sadness lasted only a moment. The delightful consciousness of newly awakened powers, was within him, and bright hopes for the future were springing up in his heart. There had been a slight rain the preceding evening, and now, in the bright, keen, frosty air, every tree, and shrub,

and blade of grass, sparkled as if diamonds had been showered upon them. In the near view, the prospect was bounded by dark and richly wooded hills, while beyond, the White Mountains raised their calm summits high towards heaven. He had a keen love for the beautiful, and enchanted by the brilliant scene, he walked gaily on, with a heart too light to be conscious of weariness.

The evening saw him safely lodged in Deacon Brown's quiet dwelling. The deacon received him with paternal kindness; and the two eldest girls cast shy but delighted looks on the bright-looking handsome young stranger. Before the close of the first evening, he had fairly won the deacon's heart, by agreeing with him exactly on the question of the free agency of man, and by praising his cider and cold beef. The good dame too, was conciliated by his admiration of her apple-sauce and dough-nuts; and the girls admired his talent for story-telling, and the ready kindness with which he held the skein of yarn that Lucinda was winding. In the school he performed wonders. His sway over his scholars was unbounded. Good humored ridicule, or a well told tale would often subdue a reckless boy, and make him hang his head for very shame, when he would have been unmoved by all the terrors of

the ferule. His only trouble was the frequent invitations to parties, where at ten o'clock at night he was placed at the right hand of the mistress, before a table literally groaning with roast turkey and chicken — mince, apple, and pumpkin pies, and all the nameless varieties of primitive New England cookery. There was no escape; he was too great a favorite not to be compelled to partake of all, sorely to the oppression and discomfort of the ethereal spirit. After such a feast, one day at least, of fasting, must elapse, before he could comprehend the eloquence of Tulley, or the mysteries of the cube root. But he endured all with exhaustless good humor. His scholars made rapid strides up the hill of science, and on the last day of school, when half the district were assembled to hear his parting address, there was not a dry eye, except one thin, upright spinster, whose good will he had never been able to conciliate, and who wondered why all the boys and girls should make such a fuss over that young fellow.

Young Langton now turned his steps homeward with the happy consciousness that he carried with him the good wishes of many a worthy heart, and with the more substantial benefit of fifty dollars in his pocket as the reward of his four months' labor. The kind hearted deacon carried him half the way home, and when he shook

his hand to bid him farewell, the old man could hardly speak as he attempted to say, 'God bless you, my lad!—keep on as you have begun, and you will make your father's heart glad, and be an honor to your country. But take care of yourself. My own boy promised as fair as you, three years ago, but took cold while taking care of every body but himself, when going home from singing school in a rain storm, and never held up his head again. 'T was hard to say God's will be done.' Jack could not answer. It was the first time the father had ever named his loss, though he had often brushed away a tear, when it was alluded to by others. He returned the grasp of the deacon's hand in silence, and traced his homeward way with more rapid steps than when he left it. We need not tell to one who has ever had a home

'How his young heart kept boiling up and burning,
'To think how soon he'd be at home again.'

The sun was just sinking behind the snow-capt hills, as he reached the paternal mansion. The joyous welcome, and kind greetings were soon over, and throwing himself into a high-backed rocking-chair, he exclaimed, 'There, I have not seen so pleasant a home as this, yet—but mother, I am as hungry as a fox—pray let me have some supper!' As he pronounced the word

home, he looked at his mother, expecting her to respond with a glad smile ; but she sighed, and he thought her face paler than was her wont. Jane's tones, too, seemed less joyous than before, and a thoughtful, subdued expression shadowed her usually laughing face. And his father — there seemed to be a change even in his calm, tranquil manner, and he listened to his son's animated details with an air of utter listlessness. 'Mother,' said he, pushing his chair back from the table, 'you wished last spring for some rose bushes ; next spring I shall put in the ground enough to satisfy miserly little Jane ; and some lilacs, and maples, and elms, in the front yard, and we will have the house painted, and then the contrast will be delightful. But what is the matter with you all ? you look as if I had conjured up a ghost before you.' Not a word was spoken. His father seemed all at once buried in the last newspaper ; his mother was so hurried in clearing the table, that the clatter of the dishes would hardly let him hear himself think ; but Jane, after looking alternately at one and the other, and pressing her lips firmly together, as if the task was heavy for her young spirit, crept close to her brother and whispered, 'We are warned off the farm ; our title is good for nothing.' Jack started upon his feet, and clenched his fist. 'The

scoundrel! with his sanctimonious air, to cheat you so—I never liked him.’ ‘Peace, my boy,’ said Mr. Langton, ‘Squire Bronson did nothing wrong; he was deceived himself—’t is an old affair. The original grant is disputed. Colonel Wetherell has brought forward a grant of the original proprietors, embracing besides his own extensive lands, the rich tract of meadow and the whole of my farm. It is strange he should have found it out just now. Ten years ago, I could better have given it up; before your mother and I were so broken down by hard work. Jack sank into his chair, and sat for some moments without speaking a word. At length starting as if a sudden thought had struck him, he began pacing the room with hasty strides. ‘Father,’ said he, ‘where is the record of the original grant on which your title is founded?’ ‘At——, I suppose, among the old papers of the secretary of state.’ ‘Write to him, then, and request him to send you an attested copy.’ ‘I have done so, and he replied that he could find no such document.’ Jack continued striding back and forth in the narrow room. ‘I will go myself,’ said he, ‘and search the old archives; it must be there!’ ‘You, my boy? why you are scarcely nineteen; you know nothing of the forms of business, and besides, the journey is long and expensive.’ ‘No matter for that; I

have money enough to carry me there, and unless there has been a deep-laid plan of villany, the record shall be found.' Persuasion availed nothing to turn him from his purpose ; and at length his mother said, ' Let him go ; it may be the prompting of heaven to save us.' The noble boy, for he was scarcely more, passed a sleepless night, revolving his plan for saving the home so dear to them all. ' It shall not be lost,' said he — ' that orchard which father planted with his own hand, and the pear and plum trees just beginning to reward his toil, — the green field where Jane and I picked the rich strawberries together in childhood — and this pleasant home, too, where we all played, before Sam and George left us to seek their own fortunes — the working room, where mother spun and wove our substantial garments — the kitchen where I have played so many tricks on Scip' — and a bright smile came over his face, even then, at the remembrance — ' No — no — every spot is dear to me as my own existence, and it shall not be lost.'

The next morning, at an early hour, he mounted the faithful old Dobbin, and turned his face towards the distant city, too much excited by what was before him, to feel any misgivings. His journey was without startling incidents. At the inns, which were then 'few, and far

between,' his bright face, good humored smile, and musical voice, procured him a hearty welcome, and attentions, which partook of the kindness of home; and at noon of the third day, he presented himself before that august personage, the Secretary of State, a thin-faced, sharp looking man, with spectacles which seemed a part of his original visage. When our hero named his errand, 'Why, my lad,' said he, with a supercilious air, 'I have myself examined the records, and can find no grant embracing the described tract, except the one to Richard Wetherell, grandfather of the present Col. W., and of that fact I notified your father. I am sorry,' he added, turning coldly away, 'you have come so far on a fool's errand.' For a moment, Jack's courage was damped, but he did not despair. 'My errand,' said he, modestly, but firmly, 'must plead my apology, if I seem presumptuous; but I cannot let my parents' home be wrested from them in their old age, without one effort to save it.' The man of seals and paper looked softened. 'Well, my lad,' said he, 'what do you wish? I will aid you all in my power.' 'Thank you, sir; all I ask is the privilege of examining all the old records in your office.' 'You, my boy! Your young eyes would soon be weary of such a task, I reckon.' 'May I try, sir?'

In ten minutes he was at his task. That day passed in fruitless search ; and when, at an early hour, he came the next morning, the Secretary said to him, 'What, not weary yet? — well, you will one day be fit for a Secretary.' Jack smiled, and silently resumed his task. Volume after volume had been examined and thrown aside, but he still kept on, turning over dusty manuscripts which seemed not to have been disturbed for half a century at least. The Secretary was won by his patient assiduity, and occasionally looked from his writing, kindly on the young face and fair brow so strangely employed. At length he exclaimed, holding up an old dust covered volume, stitched in rumpled blue paper, which he had found at the very bottom of the receptacle, 'I have it!' 'What you wanted to find?' inquired the Secretary, kindly taking a seat beside him. 'Yes sir, though it purports to be a record of the very grant, in virtue of which Col. Wetherell claims to turn my father out of doors ; but I want to see it.' It seemed correct, and accorded with the attested copy. 'But look here, sir ; here is another grant, describing a tract bordering on land granted to *Richard Bronson, sen.*, that is the *northern boundary of my FATHER'S farm.*' The man of records looked astounded. 'May I ask,' said Langton, 'who have been your clerks

during the last two years?’ He enumerated several, and among the rest, Charles Wetherell. ‘Charles Wetherell,’ repeated Jack, slowly, and with strong emphasis, while his countenance expressed intense interest — ‘when did he leave you, sir?’ ‘Last autumn. I was sorry to lose him; he was the best clerk I ever had. His skill with the pen exceeded all I ever saw; I sometimes told him ’t was a dangerous gift.’ Langton listened without replying, and every faculty seemed absorbed in examining the writing before him. ‘Compare these signatures, sir; do you remark the difference? this affixed to Wetherell’s grant has a constrained and stiff look, as if it had been written slowly and with care.’ ‘True,’ said the Secretary; ‘but what of that?’ ‘Did Wetherell ever have charge of your papers for any time alone?’ ‘Yes, for three weeks; I was weary and sick, and wished to take a journey; but thought I could not leave. He kindly urged it, and offered to perform twice his usual labor. I believe his exertions were too much for him. When I returned I found him looking pale and care-worn; and in little more than a week he told me the physician advised a change of air and occupation. I was grieved to see him, he was nervous and sad; his hand trembled so that he could scarcely write, and he went with his hat

pulled over his eyes, as if he was too gloomy to speak to any one. Before leaving me, he requested, late at night, a copy of this document, as he said it might be of use to his uncle, Col. Wetherell.' 'I see it all,' exclaimed Langton, as the indignant blood rushed to his face and brow, — 'the mean villain — he threatened to ruin my father, after the last election ; but I did not think he could have poisoned so soon Charles's generous heart. But I see how it was. Charles loves his beautiful young cousin, and this — aye this — was the price of success. Look here, sir.' The Secretary carefully wiped his spectacles, and examining the paper on which the record was written, found it evidently pasted on to the edge of a leaf, which had been closely and carefully cut out. 'Villany, deep laid villany,' he muttered between his teeth. Langton's feelings were too intense for words. He now held the document up to the light, and they clearly saw, that while the writing bore the date of 1780, the paper makers date was upon it for 18—.

All was now clear. The forged writing had been inserted after cutting out the original grant to the elder Bronson on which Mr. Langton's title was founded ; it was done by the bribed clerk at the instigation of the elder Langton's political opponent. 'I give you joy, my young

friend ; you have showed a spirit worthy of the first lawyer in the land. Go on without fear ; honor is before you.' A tear started in Jack's eye at this encomium ; but it was not for himself, it was at the thought of the pleasure it would afford to his parents and sister and far absent brothers. Charged with a letter from the secretary containing

. 'confirmations strong
As proofs of holy writ,'

he turned with a light heart towards home. It was evening when he arrived ; and now that the danger was over, the mischievous spirit of the boy prompted him to make them share his past anxieties. Entering the house with a weary step, he took his seat, and with a most demure look, began to detail the events of his journey — his reception by the Secretary, his sinking of heart through the long hours of his fruitless search ; — enjoying all the while the increasing anxiety and paleness of his auditors. Step by step he led them on, till, at length, with a face all sunshine and an exulting brow, he produced the precious papers, which proved beyond a doubt Wetherell's villany and their own right to retain their beloved home. Jane danced for joy, and

catching up her little gray kitten told her the joyful tidings, while his parents blessed him with tears of joy and gratitude, and felt that 'life has among its few quiet comforts, not many things better to bestow than such a son.'

MY CHILD ! MY CHILD !

BY JOHN NEAL.

LIKE sunshine playing on a sheltered path,
 Or far-off singing, or the scent
 Of hidden violets by a trampled way,
 The baby came — and went.

And all who saw it here on earth,
 Whene'er they shut their eyes,
 Can see it still, with finger pointing
 Forever to the skies.*

At midnight, by the empty crib
 The Mother kneels and weeps,
 In darkness and alone she prays,
 Thinking the Father sleeps ;

* For two or three days before its death, its little trembling hand was lifted, hour after hour, with the fore finger pointing upward. The sight was painful ; but there was no help for it. It always returned to the same position.

While the loving Father, if he hears,
At noonday, in the whirl of life,
Aught to remind him of the babe
Trembles with inward strife;

Crushing the slowly-gathered tear,
With voice that soundeth cheerfully;
Then gazing on the poor pale wife
So fearfully!

PORTLAND, MAINE.

THE ART OF MAKING POETRY.

BY J. H. S. McCRACKEN.

I'll rhyme you so eight years together, dinners, suppers, and sleeping hours
excepted ; it is the right butter women rate to market. *As You Like it.*

CARDINAL RICHELIEU is reported to have said once that he would make so many dukes that it should be a shame to be one, and a shame not to be one. It appears, however, that he changed his mind afterwards, inasmuch as down to St. Simon's time there were only twelve or thirteen dukes in France, besides the blood-royal. At present they are more plenty, though it is even yet some distinction to be a duke, out of Italy ; and in Poland there is an express law against the title being borne by any man who has not a clear income of *three hundred dollars* a year to support the dignity. In Bavaria, you may be made a baron for seven thousand rix dollars (or \$5250) — or a count for thirty thousand rix dollars, but in this last case you must not follow any trade or profes-

sion ; bankers, accordingly, content themselves with baronies, like sensible men, preferring substance to shadow ; as in fact when it is perfectly well known you are able to buy a dozen and their titles, the world gives you credit as for the possession, perhaps more.

What Cardinal Richelieu threatened with regard to dukedoms, has, in fact, been effected by the progress of the world with regard to another title as honorable perhaps as that of duke, though few of its possessors could hold it if the Polish regulation mentioned above were to be applied to it and enforced. I mean the title of Poet. To be a Poet, or rather, for there is still some reverence left for the name, to be a versifier, is in these days a shame, and not to be one, is a shame. That is, it is a shame for any man to take airs or pique himself on a talent now so common ; so much reduced to rule and grown absolutely mechanical, and to be learned like arithmetic : and, on the other hand, for these same reasons, it is a shame not to possess it, or have it for occasions at command. It is convenient sometimes to turn some trifle from a foreign language, to hit off a scrap for a corner of a newspaper, to write a squib or an epigram, or play a game at crambo, and for all these emergencies, the practiced versifier is prepared. He has, very likely, the frames

of a few verses always ready in his mind, constructed for the purpose, into which he can put any idea at a moment's warning, with as much certainty, as he could put a squirrel or a bird into a cage he had ready for it.

These frames may consist of the rhymes, or *bouts rimés*, being common-place words such as would be easily lugged in apropos to anything; or they may be very common-place verses ready made, upon which an appropriate travestie could easily be superinduced; or, finally, their place may be supplied by the actual verses of some author, who should, however, be, if possible, but little known, which may be travestied impromptu. This will be better understood by an instance, and as I am now making no secret of the matter, I will take those well-known lines of Moore :

' Vain was that man, and false as vain,
Who said, were he ordained to run
His long career of life again
He would do all that he had done.
It is not thus the voice that dwells
In coming birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise, of time it tells,
Wasted unwisely, carelessly.'

Now suppose I wish to make love in poetry. I am a despairing lover — or will suppose myself one for the present, and my griefs may be poured out in this same measure, and with so many of

these same words, as to leave no ground for any claim to authorship for me in the following stanzas :

Vain are the hopes, ah ! false as vain,
That tempt me weary thus to run
My long career of love again,
And only do what I have done.
Ah ! not of hope the light that dwells
In yonder glances, speaks to me ;
Of an obdurate heart it tells,
Trifling with hearts all carelessly.

And now take the same stanzas, only change the circumstance to something as different as possible. I am a flaming patriot, the enemy is at our gates, and I am to excite my fellow-citizens to arms. It will go to the self-same tune and words :

Our country calls, and not in vain,
Her children are prepared to run
Their fathers' high career again,
And may we do as they have done.
In every trumpet voice there dwells
An echo of their fame for me ;
Oh, who can hear the tale it tells,
And pause supinely, carelessly.

Again, which is a more possible case in our country, I am disgusted with an unprincipled mob orator, some indescribably low, but gifted scion of perdition, one whom no prose can reach ; why, have at him with the same arms, — they are always ready :

Thou bad vain man, thou false as vain,
 If Satan were ordained to run
 A free career on earth again,
 He would do all that thou hast done.
 It is of him the voice that dwells
 In thy gay rhetoric speaks to me;
 Of horrors scoffingly it tells,
 Of crime and suffering carelessly.

Or, lastly, — for one may get too much of this
 — I am enraged with a bad singer or musician,
 and want to gibbet him, — lo, is not Tom Moore
 my executioner :

I stop my ears, but all in vain,
 In vain to distant corners run,
 He imitates the owls again,
 And will do all that they have done.
 Of roasting cats the voice that dwells
 In such discordance, speaks to me;
 Of Tophet up in arms it tells,
 With doors left open carelessly.

There is absolutely no end to this, and any man may practice it to any extent, who has musical ear enough to dance a contre-dance in correct time, or march decently after a drum. He must not take his implements or frames out of Moore, he would do better to tax his own ingenuity for the most of the time, or if he have none, he can do very well without it, if he only possess a little memory, and a competent knowledge of the dictionary. The examples given above are intended to show that the words and the ideas have but

little to do with each other, and that anything can be made out of anything else, and that, therefore, in compositions of this kind, it is perfectly legitimate procedure to cook your dolphin before you catch him. Make your verses and then look about you afterwards for ideas — any man who has two, and there are many such in society, will give you one.

But I must exhibit the whole process, for, after all, there is nothing like example; and with the assurance, gentle reader, that up to this moment I have no more notion than you have of what they are to be, I shall proceed now to make eight lines of verse, and endeavor to make you understand, as I go along, how I do it. And, as I have shown already how the ideas may be inserted or changed in ready-made verses, I propose now to show how the verse may be worked up when the idea is ready; and, to begin at the very beginning, I will show also how I got the idea. This very evening — I am now writing at midnight — a highly-gifted and beautiful lady has been telling me of some conversation or circumstance, in the course of which she was compared to the full moon, — a comparison upon which the comment arose of itself most naturally to my lips — that, not to criticise it further, the lady had at least the advantage in her expression — for which the

moon is not remarkable. Very well, we will try to versify this, and we will succeed too, after some sort of a fashion, and that by virtue of intelligible rules.

The subject is a lady's face and a question of resemblance — *face* is a good word for a rhyme, and *trace* comes in very well with it, and has also some sort of bearing on the matter in hand ; the moon is to play a part, there is *light*, and *night* to rhyme with it ; *sky* also and *eye*, for the deuce must be in it if we cannot get these words in ; *fair*, also, is very appropriate, and for a rhyme the word *there*, which has an impressive, pointed sound, and is a capital word to rest on at the end of a line or phrase. Now, let us try ; I should like some one to stand by with a watch, and we would fill up this against time. It is evident, that the difficulty of this is nothing to a game at *bouts rimés*, for there the words are expressly chosen for their difficulty and incongruity, things as hard as possible for any sense to link together, — here, they are so easy that, for fault of better, nonsense might do it. — Allons :

Oh, lady, would some spirit trace
Upon the moon's unmeaning face ;

That goes of itself, — if we had shaken a dictionary over the paper the words would have

fallen into their places, — but the *eye* must come next, as we are to tell what the effect would be, and after *eye*, *sky* is indispensable; *night* and *light* must follow as next in order of thought; and *fair* and *there*, which, for the reason given above, must come in at the end. But we must begin anew, for I have not confidence enough in the effect my instructions have yet produced, to trust my readers even to put together the *disjecta membra poetæ*.

Oh, lady, would some spirit trace
 Upon the moon's unmeaning face,
 Such lineaments as thine; mine eye
 Should grow a gazer of the sky,
 And often, in the cloudless night,
 Should turn to her ethereal light,
 To hail its beams, so bland and fair,
 And greet thy rich expression there.

Here is some scope for criticism, — as in the sixth line, the word *her* does not seem to have any strict antecedent; it might, by the construction, apply either to the night or the sky, or possibly, though hardly, to the moon, as it is intended. It is easy to make this right and say,

Turn to yon orb's ethereal light, &c. &c.

As for Moore's lines to Lord Strangford, — but I have borrowed nothing from them, — or if I have, upon the principles of these days, it's all one.

I quit here, for a moment, the subject of rhyme, to say a word or two upon blank verse, that mortal humbug which 'prose poets' are so fond of, and, certainly, the world would soon be full of it, if anybody were fond of *them*. There is no more difficulty or skill in cutting up a given quantity of prose into blank verse, than there is in sawing up a log into planks; both operations certainly reflect credit on their original inventors, and would immortalize them if we knew their names; but fame would have her hands full, and her mouth too, if she should occupy herself in these days with all the handicraftsmen in both or either. The best way, perhaps, of settling this in a clear point of view, is to exemplify it; and, for this purpose it would not be difficult to pitch upon authors whose whole writings, or nearly so, would bear being written as blank verse, though they were given out as prose.

For instance, there is John Bunyan, the whole of whose works it would be easier to set up into verse, than to restore some works, now held to be such, to their metrical shape, if, by any accident, the ends of their lines should get confused. Let the reader try his skill in reconstructing, with the visible signs of poetry, the following extract from *Samson Agonistes*, from line 118, omitting the next three, and going on to line 130.

‘See how he lies at random, carelessly diffused, * * * in slavish habit, ill-fitted weeds, o’erworn and soiled, or do my eyes misrepresent; can this be he, that heroic, that renowned, irresistible Samson, whom, unarm’d, no strength of man or fiercest wild beast could withstand, who tore the lion as the lion tears the kid, ran on embattled armies clad in iron, and, weaponless himself, made arms ridiculous,’ &c.

But to return to Bunyan; take the following extract, which is verbatim, from his ‘World to Come,’—it is more correct metre than much that we find written as verse in the old dramatists, though it is always printed as prose :

‘Now, said my guardian angel, you are on
The verge of hell, but do not fear the power
Of the destroyer;
For my commission from the imperial throne
Secures you from all dangers.
Here you may hear from devils and damned souls
The cursed causes of their endless ruin;
And what you have a mind to ask, inquire,
The devils cannot hurt you, though they would,
For they are bound
By him that has commissioned me, of which
Themselves are sensible, which makes them rage
And fret, and roar, and bite their hated chains,
But all in vain.’

And so on ad infinitum, or throughout the ‘World to Come.’

But not to seek eccentric writers and far-fetched examples, let us take a popular and noted one, even Dr. Johnson himself,—every body will recognize the opening sentence of *Rasselas* :

‘Ye who listen with credulity to the whispers of fancy, and pursue with eagerness the phantoms of hope, who expect that age will perform the promises of youth, and that the deficiencies of the present day will be supplied by the morrow, attend to the history of Rasselas, prince of Abyssinia.’

This is prose incontrovertibly, — in two minutes it shall be as incontrovertibly blank verse.

Oh, ye, who listen with credulity
To fancy's whispers, or with eagerness
Phantoms of hope pursue, or who expect
Age will perform the promises of youth,
Or that the present day's deficiencies
Shall by the morrow be supplied, attend
To Rasselas, the Abyssinian prince,
His history. Rasselas was fourth son, &c.

I do not suspect any reader of this Magazine of stupidity enough to find a difficulty here, or of wit enough to imagine one; the process speaks for itself, and so far requires no comment; but in carrying it a step or two further, we shall see by what alchemy gold may be transmuted into baser metal, and into tinsel, and how the rogue who steals, or the poor devil who passes it, may so thoroughly disguise it, as to run no risk at least in passing it off openly as his own. I take the first six lines, and *tipping them with rhymes*, they suffer a little violence, and read thus:

Oh, ye who listen, a believing race
To fancy's whispers, or with eager chase
Phantoms of hope pursue, expecting still

Age will the promises of youth fulfill,
 Or that the morrow will indeed amend
 The present day's deficiencies, attend;

Now in this shape they might do pretty well, had they not been taken purposely from a notorious part of a notorious work, for one might borrow even from *Rasselas*, in the middle or anywhere less in sight, and few indeed are the critics who would detect and expose the cheat; but the next stage of our progress would distance the major part even of these.

That a scrap from Johnson should be set to the tune of *Yankee Doodle*, is an idea which seems to have been reserved from all time to be first broached in the present article. But, if not the same, there are similar things done hourly, and, if the written monuments of genius, like the temples and palaces of antiquity, were themselves diminished by all the materials they supply to new constructions, how much would there be remaining of them now. Imagine a chasm in Moore or Byron for every verse any lover has scrawled in an album, or any Cora or Matilda in a newspaper; or reverse the case, and imagine the masters of the lyre and of the pen reclaiming, throughout the world, whatever is their own, in whatever hands and in whatever shape it might be now existing. The Scotch freebooter was warned

upon his death-bed, rather late, but it was the first time the parson had had a chance at him, that in another world all the people he had robbed, and all the valuables he had robbed them of, sheep, horses, and cattle, would rise up to bear witness against him. 'Why, then,' said he, in a praiseworthy vein of restitution, 'if the horses, and kye, and a' will be there, let ilka shentleman tak her ain, and Donald will be an honest man again.' Now I should like to be by, at a literary judgment, when 'ilka shentleman should tak her ain,' to have righteousness rigidly laid to the line, and see who would in fact turn out to be 'a shentleman,' and have something left that was 'her ain,' and who would be a Donald, left with nothing, a destitute 'bipes implumis.' Then, and not till then, will I give back the following piece of morality to Rasselas, and, indeed, in the shape into which I am now going to put it, I think it will not be till then that he or anybody for him will lay claim to it.

AIR: 'Yankee Doodle.'

Listen ye, who trust as true
All the dreams of fancy,
Who with eager chase pursue
Each vain hope ye can see,
Who expect that age will pay,
All that youth may borrow,
And that all you want today
Will be supplied tomorrow.

I leave this matter here, having spun it out, perhaps something too much, but if I have treated it frivolously, I am not the less, with regard to the subject, in profound and indignant earnest.

We profane the lofty name of poet by such short-sighted, indiscriminate application — we allow reputations to be founded and to endure, on such unreal and dishonest bases, that it is high time that somebody should proclaim, and that all should realize the difference between a poet and a versifier, and that the last name should be indelibly branded upon those who either professedly or fraudulently reconstruct from the labors of others, for mere rhymes are as mechanically made as stone fences ; — ‘ Walls supply stones ’ — it is *Rasselas* again I quote, — ‘ more easily than quarries, and palaces and temples will be demolished to make stables of granite and cottages of porphyry.’ The first care of criticism is to see what an author’s material is, gold, silver, or ivory, — wood, hay, or stubble ; the next is to know, if it be valuable, where he got it ; if it be not, or not original, and if he has managed, notwithstanding, to make it ornamental, why we need not to be very severe or difficult about giving him as much credit as we would attribute to a basket-maker or carver of figure-heads and claw-feet,

but we should mark him out his place, and keep him in it. But, after all, there is nothing new under the sun, and reproduction of old ideas will pass for new, songs will be made unsuspected out of sermons, and sermons out of songs, and metamorphosis will be mistaken to the end of the chapter for creation. ‘*Isto enim modo,*’ says old George Buchanan, apropos to a question of etymology, and the remark applies most forcibly to the subject we are discussing,—*Isto enim modo quidlibet e quolibet licebit effingere.*



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PARIS.

PARIS.

LETTER AND ROSE.

BY MRS. MARY E. BROOKS.

LETTER and rose! — in days of old
 Each thought by fairy flower was told;
 And lovers' tale of bliss or grief,
 Was symbolled by some fragrant leaf.
 Oh quaint and wild the chaplets wove,
 Their storied lines of hope and love,
 And the maiden gave back in the tulip bell,
 An answer her lip refused to tell.
 They were frail sweet things — was the vow as frail?
 Did it come like that blossom with rainbow wing,
 To fade and die in the first rude gale,
 And leave behind it a withered thing?
 Oh better that love should wreath his bower
 With the true bright leaf, than the changeful flower!

Flowers, sweet flowers! — we well can see
 In their fragrance, a beauty and purity —
 But 't was a whim of olden time
 To talk with flowers of care and crime;
 And each dark deed, each passion known,
 Claimed some sweet blossom for its own.

How could they image on aught so fair,
The cold lone phantoms of guilt and care ?
Tell me, sweet trefoil — pure and pale,
How told ye of stern revenge, the tale ?
And primrose — with crimson and golden hue,
Who called ye fickle, and ye untrue ?

They all have voices ! — we know them well
By the gushing fount and shady dell ;
O'er the foamy torrent they hang in air
To tell God's providence and care ;
And whisper to him that must lonely roam,
A cheering thought of his far off home.
We know their spirit voices well,
E'en when in city haunts they dwell ; —
That harebell blue ! — oh breathes it not
A story of some forest spot,
Where its glad dwelling used to be
With the cowslip and anemone ?
Oh list — it would win thee from toil and strife
For idols more frail than its own frail life,
And purer dreams to thy heart unfold,
Than of gaudy jewels and hoarded gold.

* * * * *

See letter and rose and maiden gay —
Now show me aught more fair than they !
Yet spotless though the first I deem,
What lies within — like sleeper's dream ?
Come lady tell me ! — what for thee
Within that folded sheet may be ?

Is it love ? — and that bud, doth it shadow forth
All its sincerity, all its worth ?
Methinks so, lady — then hold the gem
More rich than kingly diadem ; —
For true love, like the rose, when the light first thrown
O'er its peerless beauty is past and gone,
Hath a deep perfume that will linger on.

NOTE. In the language of flowers, the myrtle signified *love*, the tulip, *I love you till death*, the yew, *sorrow*, the trefoil, *revenge*, the primrose, *inconstancy*, &c. &c. &c.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

'You bear a gentle heart, and heavenly blessings
Follow such creatures.'

'I WONDER why Isabel is out so late this evening ; it is almost dark, and snows very fast.'

The speaker was a pretty, but delicate little girl, busily employed in arranging the simple evening meal, in a small apartment, whose scanty, but well kept furniture spoke both of poverty and industry.

'Mrs. Gascoigne gives a large party to night, and perhaps may have detained Isabel to assist her in some of the arrangements !' replied her mother.

'I wish I could see a real grand party,' sighed the child, as she spread a coarse but clean cloth upon the polished table.

'I am sorry to hear you express such a wish, my daughter,' said the prudent Mrs. Noryce.

‘Mother, there surely can be no harm in desiring to behold what so many people are continually enjoying.’

‘The indulgence of unattainable wishes is always wrong, Susie ; we are apt to begin with idle wants, and to end by cherishing a feeling of discontent against the decrees of an all-wise Providence.’

‘Oh ! there comes Isabel — I hear her step on the stairs !’ exclaimed Susan, as she bounded forward to open the door.

‘And who is Isabel?’ asks some impatient reader. She is neither a wit, a beauty, or an heiress, my young friend. She has no superlative attractions ; nor is she the heroine of romantic distress, or the victim of unforeseen reverses. Isabel Noryce is a governess ; a daily governess ; destined to that vocation from childhood, and fulfilling its arduous duties patiently, quietly, and with an endurance eminently womanly.

Imprinting a kiss on her sister’s cheek, and kindly pressing her mother’s extended hand, Isabel threw off her cloak, which was heavy with snow, and drawing her chair towards the fire, said, ‘Will you give me a cup of tea, dear mother ? I must return to Waverly Place before nightfall.’

‘Return, Isabel ! it is twilight now. Why are you going there again ?’

‘Mrs. Gascoigne wishes to exhibit her pretty children in some *Tableaux vivans*, and I have promised to dress them, and arrange their changes of position.’

‘Can nobody do that excepting you, Isabel?’ asked Susan, quickly.

Isabel smiled. ‘Mrs. Gascoigne has requested me to superintend the ‘*pictorial*’ department,’ and I have every wish to oblige her, together with very cogent reasons for not displeasing her.’

‘What a slave you are for that woman, Isabel, — I really believe she thinks she has bought you, body and soul, with her paltry salary.’

‘Susan, you are too young, and too thoughtless to know much of the difficulty of my position. Mrs. Gascoigne is rich and fashionable — I am poor, and dependent on my own exertions. If any offence on my part, should occasion my dismissal from her employ, her influence would be sufficient to injure me materially, and we cannot afford to risk the loss of the poor salary which you seem to despise.’

‘I do not despise the reward of your labors, dear Bell — but I cannot bear to see you obliged to study the whims and caprices of people, only because they are more fortunate in life than ourselves. How I do hate such people!’

‘For shame! for shame! Susan — you would not *hate* them, if you did not *envy* them!’

Susan blushed deeply, as she felt the truth of her sister's rebuke. 'Why did not Mrs. Gascoigne invite you earlier, Isabel?' said she, after a moment's pause; 'you might then have had time to prepare a dress for the party.'

Isabel laughed a real, merry laugh. 'Why, Susie, you don't think I am to be one of the company, do you?'

'What then?' exclaimed the little girl, reddening now with anger, 'you are not to be one of the *servants*, I hope?'

'No,' replied Isabel, with a half sigh, 'I am about as far removed from the one station as the other.'

Those whose only riches lie in their brains, a governess, for instance, is in society, like the poor flying-fish among the finny tribes; its wings enable it to soar into the free air, but its necessities bring it back to the grosser element, where it finds subsistence. Mrs. Gascoigne's entertainment will commence with a series of 'Tableaux,' and finish with a fancy ball. I shall probably never appear before the curtain which will veil the arrangement of the living pictures.'

Susan looked vexed, and even Mrs. Noryce sighed as Isabel proceeded to take out her well preserved dress of deep mourning, bought with so much difficulty some two years previous, when

the death of her father demanded such a tribute of respect.

‘It is a shame for you to be seen in such a dowdy old dress;’ said Susan; ‘the damp has taken all the curl out of your hair, too; and just now, when you ought to look prettiest — you will be a perfect fright! I hope no body will see you.’

‘I care very little about the matter,’ said Isabel, smiling, ‘for my own sake, I wish to look neat; but no one will notice me.’ And with these words, she retired into her little bed-room to make her simple toilet. In a few minutes she returned, looking so lovely in her plain attire, that her sister, who loved her dearly, was more than ever pained at the thought of her not appearing to advantage in a richer dress. Her fine hair, braided smoothly across her white brow, displayed the perfect contour of her small head.

Her usually pale cheek was tinged with a flush like that within the lip of the seashell, and her tall figure even in that ‘dowdy dress,’ was a very model of grace.

‘Dear Isabel, do take off that ugly collar, and dress your neck as they say other people do at parties! Why should you cover up your beautiful white shoulders?’

‘Susan, I mean to seem exactly what I am;

and in my situation any attempt at display would only excite deserved rebuke, or ill-natured ridicule. And now good night, dear sister — I shall not be home until morning, when I hope to spend the whole day with you, for my little pupils will be too much fatigued tonight to take their lessons to-morrow.'

'You are not going to walk such a distance at this hour, Isabel,' said her mother, 'surely Mrs. Gascoigne might have sent her carriage for you, if she wanted your services.'

'I suppose she did not think of it, and the servants are all very busy,' was the patient answer, and Isabel, with an affectionate kiss on her mother's brow, wrapped herself in her cloak and hurried away.

But, despite the cheerful tone she had assumed at home, Isabel Noryce was not insensible to her desolate condition, as she trudged on through the deepening twilight, impeded at every step by the snow drifts which were rapidly increasing in her path. Young, gifted, and accomplished, with a voice of exquisite melody, and a face, not regularly beautiful, but very lovely in its delicacy of feature and gentleness of expression — how would she have been caressed and courted and flattered by the votaries of fashion, had she only possessed the magic talisman of wealth. But Isabel was

'*only a governess,*' and therefore her talents, her charms, her gentle virtues, were like

'Flowers in desert isles that perish,
Or treasures buried in the deep.'

Therefore it was, that she was now threading alone the dark and wet thoroughfares of a city, trembling at the approach of every wayfarer, and fearing insult at every step.

Mrs. Gascoigne was not naturally unkind, but a long course of self-indulgence had made her totally forgetful of the comfort of others, and consequently she saw not the flushed cheek and chilled frame of the young governess, as she entered the luxurious dressing-room of her pupils. All was hurry and excitement — the mistress of the feast was anticipating the triumph of giving a brilliant entertainment and fretting with anxiety, lest any part should prove a failure ; while the children, wild with the delight of being admitted to the gay scene, were utterly ungovernable in their transports. No one had time to think of Isabel, who, cold, wet, and dispirited, began her ministry of vanity and frivolity. To arrange the fanciful dresses of the really beautiful children — to teach them the graceful attitudes in which they were to exhibit their pretty forms, was the task which her good taste had brought upon her ; and,

while she deprecated the folly which had thus forced into premature growth the passions of these innocent little ones, she yet felt herself compelled to oppose no obstacle to the fancies of her patroness.

CHAPTER II.

No senseless idol of the throng
Could be so fresh and true ;
No cadence of an idle song
Such lofty dreams renew.

Tuckerman.

The ball passed off as such things usually do. There was the same amount of flirtation and fooling — of vanity and ill-nature — of dancing and discontent. The '*tableaux*' were pronounced beautiful — the decorations of the rooms superb — the supper exquisite. Every body tried to look happy with all their might, and uttered the most pleasant flatteries in the most dulcet tones to the gratified hostess, who was little aware of the sarcastic '*asides*' which commented upon her extravagance and her love of notoriety. But all things, even balls, must have an end. The children, weary and exhausted, were carried to bed, and towards morning the lingering guests, who had danced away the fairy-footed hours, vanished from the empty halls. The moment the door closed on the last of them, Mrs. Gascoigne hastened to her

apartment; and, completely overcome with fatigue, summoned her maid to disencumber her of her rich attire, without bestowing a thought upon the tired servants, to whom she left the task of guarding her rich furniture from midnight robbery. Isabel Noryce had been the presiding genius of the festival; though invisible, her delicate taste shed a charm over every thing that came within its influence. She had not shamed the brilliant scene by appearing in her robe of sadness, but when the curtain rose to display the lovely group of children, it was her skillful hand which touched the strings of the harp and added the witchery of music to the beauty of the animated picture. It was she who fixed each group of breathing statues. It was she who played the Guitar which the olive-browed Spanish girl *seemed* to touch, and it was she who breathed the exquisite song of Castile, which seemed to issue from the lips of the boy-cavalier. But the feast was over, the guests had departed, the hostess was seeking her rest in her bed of down; and, amid the dull light of expiring torches, and the sickening perfume of withered flowers, Isabel stood alone, uncared for, and forgotten. No provision had been made for her repose; the numerous chambers of the stately mansion were filled with guests, but no one had remembered her; and even Mrs. Gascoigne, who

had been indebted to her for so much of the beauty of her *fête*, had never thought of appropriating an apartment to the humble governess. It was with a sad and desolate feeling that Isabel looked round upon the discomforts of the disordered saloons. Her heart swelled at the thought of the neglect which she had endured, and tears rose in her eyes as she remembered all, even the humblest domestic, could retire to the repose they so much needed, while she was left like an outcast, forlorn and solitary.

It was yet the early dawn of a wintry day, when Frank Gascoigne entered the desolate rooms, which only a few hours previous had been the scene of so much brilliancy and beauty. A close and severe student, devoted to the holy profession which he had adopted, he had appeared but a moment at his sister's ball, and then in the retirement of his own apartment, had spent his evening as calmly among his books, as if the sound of pipe and tabor had fallen on a deafened ear. The gayety of the occasion, the loveliness of fair woman, and the charms of brilliant conversation had been powerless to attract the young ascetic. He had retired to rest at his wonted hour, and now had arisen to his usual early walk. A vague feeling of curiosity led him to enter the saloon, and he smiled in derision, as the faint

light, struggling through the half open windows revealed the melancholy, dilapidated look, which is always worn by a 'banquet hall deserted.' But what was his surprise, when, extended on a couch, he observed the figure of the young and lovely Isabel. She had fallen into a deep but uneasy slumber; her cheek was flushed with fever; her dark hair had escaped from the comb, and hung in rich masses over her neck and bosom, while ever and anon, she opened her large eyes and murmured some inarticulate sounds, as if in a dream. Frank Gascoigne stood like one entranced. Hitherto, he had been a mere bookworm — a student from his boyhood; and if he had ever thought of woman he had pictured her as some fair creature, dressed in the latest Paris fashion, and wearing a mask of looks. But of woman in unadorned loveliness — woman armed only with her own gentle helplessness — woman, the object of tender care and cherishing, he had never before dreamed; and he gazed as if spell bound, on the unconscious girl. He knew her not, for although she had long been the daily governess of his brother's children, yet he had never met her; and as he looked upon her mourning dress, and the delicate beauty of her countenance, he was utterly at a loss to imagine why she should be there.

While he stood motionless before her, a slight shudder ran through the frame of the sleeping girl, and with a deep sigh, she awoke. Her start of surprise and terror reminded Frank of the singularity of his position, and he hastened to apologize for his intrusion; but Isabel, bewildered with the fever which was burning in her veins, scarcely heeded his words. Alarmed and mortified, she strove to rise, but the effort was too great for her, and overcome by faintness, she fell back upon the sofa. She was ill, seriously ill. Her exposure to the weather on the previous night, and the short slumber which she had snatched in the cold and comfortless drawing-room, had struck such a chill through her fragile frame, that she could with difficulty move her aching limbs. In the language of heartfelt kindness, Frank Gascoigne informed her of his name and calling, and proffered his assistance. Isabel knew his character for nobleness and virtue, and recovering her self-possession she no longer hesitated to accept his aid. A carriage was procured, and long before the household had awakened from their heavy slumbers, Isabel was resting in the quiet of her humble home. But something more than rest was now required. A violent cold was the consequence of the night of exposure, and ere sunset the skill of a physician had been deemed requisite.

CHAPTER III.

The lilies faintly to the roses yield,
As on her lovely cheek they struggling vie,
Who would not strive upon so sweet a field
To win the mastery?
And thoughts are in her speaking eyes revealed,
Pure as the fount the prophet's rod unsealed.

Hoffman.

Shy and diffident in his nature, Frank Gascoigne spoke to none of his early interview with the governess; he did not even venture to continue the acquaintance so singularly commenced, but returned to his books, with the vain idea that she would be to him but a passing thought. But day after day did that delicate figure, lying in all the graceful abandonment of sleep, appear before his mental vision; night after night did that sweet face look out upon him from the huge folios, where he ought only to have seen the severe features of philosophy. He was soon awakened to a more active interest in the subject of his vague dreams. As he was descending from his quiet study one morning, his steps were arrested on the stairs, by the accents of a childish voice in conversation with his sister below.

‘Are you sure your sister is too ill to give any more lessons?’ asked Mrs. Gascoigne.

‘Yes ma’am,’ said the child, in a tone of deep

sadness, 'the doctor says she *may* get well, but he will not allow her to go out of the house this winter, and she must neither talk nor sing.'

'If that is the case, I suppose there is no use in waiting for her; I shall be obliged to find another governess — but it is excessively annoying to lose Miss Noryce just when the children are beginning to improve so fast. How long has she been sick?'

'Ever since the night of your party, madam.'

For a moment the woman of fashion was silenced, and she hesitated as she inquired, 'Has she a good physician?'

'Yes ma'am, but he says she requires good nursing, rather than medicine.'

'Well, that is fortunate, since your mother can give her all proper attention of that kind.'

'My mother does all she can,' said Susan proudly, 'but Isabel needs some of the comfort which only money can procure. If you would be so good, madam, as to pay my sister the money due for the unfinished quarter, we should be very glad.'

'Money! why I don't owe your sister any money. I engaged her by the year, and paid her quarterly; of course if she gives up her engagement in the middle of the term, she is not entitled to any compensation.'

‘I don’t know anything about engagements; my sister said you owed her fifty dollars, and we are very much in need of it,’ was the impatient reply of the high spirited Susan.

Mrs. Gascoigne was excessively vexed. She had only the day before spent three times that sum for a new shawl, and she actually had not the money. ‘It is a pity your sister could not teach you politeness, or else find a better messenger,’ said she; ‘here are twenty dollars — all I have in my purse, and more than Miss Noryce has any right to expect; take it and let me hear no more dunning on the subject!’

‘You will probably hear of her death, and you will then, perhaps, remember when she contracted her disease!’ exclaimed the passionate child, bursting into tears, as she indignantly flung down the proffered bills, and hurried from the door.

‘Insolent creature!’ exclaimed Mrs. Gascoigne, as she entered her drawing-room and took up a new novel, ‘it seems to me, the poor are becoming more exacting every day; this comes of charitable associations and societies — it is the utter destruction of humility, and a proper sense of their condition. I have never subscribed to one of them, and I never will!’

Frank Gascoigne had heard the whole conversation, and his heart was filled with just indigna-

tion ; but he knew enough of the character of his brother's wife, to be well aware of the uselessness of expostulation. Susan had scarcely had time to return home, when a blank cover enclosing a fifty dollar bill was left at the door, with Mrs. Gascoigne's compliments.

'It is well she repented of her injustice,' said Susan, 'a woman of her wealth should at least possess common honesty !'

'Susan, you are too unguarded in your speech,' murmured Isabel. 'Alas ! how will your impatient spirit entangle you amid the thorns and briars of your future life, if it be not brought into subjection ?'

'I wish I had a portion of your gentle and quiet temper, dear Bell ; but when I see you suffering — dying it may be, through that woman's selfishness, I could find it in my heart to hate her !'

But Susan became far better reconciled to Mrs. Gascoigne, when she found that her brother was daily commissioned by her to enquire into the welfare and wants of the gentle invalid. Not a morning passed, but the tall figure of the young clergyman was seen standing at the door of Mrs. Noryce's house ; and Susan felt that she almost loved him for the kind and respectful manner in which he always addressed her anxious mother.

As Isabel gradually recovered, so as to be able to leave her bed of pain, Mr. Gascoigne was admitted to the little parlor, where sat the pale and beautiful girl. His visits as a minister of the gospel were peculiarly acceptable to the family; and laying aside the pardonable pretext of his sister's name, he now made no secret of his voluntary visits. There was something so new and delightful to Isabel in this communication with a refined and cultivated mind — something so hallowed in the intercourse of the sick maiden and the young preacher of holiness — something so unworldly in the friendship made on the bed of sickness, it might be of *death*, that she allowed herself to indulge, without restraint, the gratification it afforded her. She sought not to analyze the feelings that had sprung up in her heart; she only knew him as the only true and tender friend who sat beside her in the hour of weakness comforting her with his sympathy, and disarming death of its terrors, by the promises of the Book of truth.

‘What is the matter with Susan this morning?’ said Frank Gascoigne as he entered the invalid’s room, one bright autumnal day; ‘she seems oppressed with grief.’

‘I suppose she is distressed about me,’ said Isabel sadly, ‘do you not know that my doom is

fixed, and that I have nothing now to look forward to but a lingering death?’

‘Isabel! Miss Noryce, what do you mean?’ exclaimed Frank.

‘Does it surprise you, my friend, to learn that an illness of nearly a year’s duration should end in consumption?’

‘But it will not, Isabel, you are young, and may yet regain your health.’

‘Doctor —— thinks nothing but an entire change of country and climate can save me from it; and is not such an opinion equal to a death warrant?’

Frank was thunderstruck. He had never looked into his own heart; he had never fathomed the depth of his own feelings; and he hurried from the presence of the gentle girl, whose soft eyes were fixed in strange surprise on his agitated face. But little reflection was necessary to decide such a character as his. As soon as he was convinced of the nature of his own emotions — as soon as he had examined the feelings which filled his noble heart, he decided upon his future course. He was rich and independent; he had studied for the ministry, and was already in orders, and where could he find so fitting a helpmeet, as the patient and self-denying Isabel?

* * * * *

‘What on earth has possessed you, my most eccentric brother, to decide so suddenly upon a visit to Italy?’ said Mrs. Gascoigne to the young clergyman a few days afterwards.

‘Suppose I give a lady’s reason, and say it is my whim?’ answered Frank.

‘Well, it is certainly a strange whim. You have just completed your studies, and now instead of looking about for some eligible situation, you are off in a tangent to Europe.’

‘A year, more or less, will make very little difference in my choice of a situation, but may be all-important as regards my prospects of future happiness?’

‘What do you mean by that, Frank? are you following some lady-love?’

‘No, I shall take a lady-love with me. You look surprised, sister.’

‘I *am* surprised — I did not think you could summon courage to address a lady, and certainly did not suppose you had acquired sufficient boldness to offer your hand.’

‘I am more courageous than you think, Margaretta; I have both wooed and won as fair a bride as ever shone in the galaxy of fashion!’

‘Then you are really going to be married?’

‘I am — and, if you will be in St. Paul’s Church on Sunday next, you shall witness the ceremony.’

‘On Sunday, Frank? and you sail for Europe the next day?’

‘Exactly so. I shall be married after morning service.’

‘And pray who is the lady? I think you might have informed us of it sooner.’

‘I have only been engaged ten days, and it was scarcely worth while to set the world talking about us sooner than we need.’

‘Wo n’t you tell me her name?’

‘Yes, but you will not be very well pleased to hear it. Do you remember Isabel Noryce?’

‘What, my children’s pretty governess who died some months ago?’

‘She was very sick, Margaretta—but through the mercy of God, she still lives; and I trust will long be preserved to be the joy and comfort of my life.’

‘Your are not going to degrade yourself by marrying a governess, Frank?’

‘I am going to ennoble myself by a union with beauty, virtue, and piety, in the person of Isabel Noryce.’

‘Well, you are your own master, but you only confirm the truth of the old saying, ‘there is no fool like a learned fool;’ you were always different from other people.’

‘I always mean to be different from *some* people.’

‘You must excuse my presence at your marriage, Frank ; I hate romantic scenes, and feel little disposition to figure in the nine days’ wonder which your choice will excite.’

‘Just as you please, sister ; we can be married without you ; and by the time we return from Europe, you will be ready to receive us as *distinguished travelers*.’

Frank Gascoigne kept his word. He read prayers on the following Sunday, and at the close of the service, he retired to the vestry room, and divesting himself of his surplice, re-appeared, with a pale and fragile looking creature leaning on his arm. A little group was soon formed around the altar ; and in a few moments the solemn ceremony which binds two hearts together for joy or sorrow, had united the youthful pair. Many a foreboding look was cast at the delicate bride, whose lip and cheek were as white as her snowy robe ; and even those who would have reproved such an unworldly choice, were stayed by the compassion for his doom of speedy bereavement. Feeble as a child, the newly wedded Isabel was borne to the carriage, almost in her husband’s arms ; and when on the following day, the newspapers announced their departure for Europe, few ever expected to see them both return. But Frank knew the value of the prize he had gained,

and he saved no effort to win back health to his gentle Isabel. A quiet retreat in the warm valleys of southern France, and a pleasant sojourn in sunny Italy, soon diminished the most alarming symptoms of disease. The care of her tender mother, and the attentions of the happy Susan, (both of whom were the companions of their wanderings) together with the watchful tenderness of her husband, were not without their reward. The smile of patient endurance on the lip of the invalid, was at length exchanged for the joyous expression of positive pleasure. A delicate tint, like that within the heart of the white rose, once more brightened her cheek, and the soft velvet of her lip regained its wonted coral hue.

Happiness is a better medicament than all the simples in the herbal of Hippocrates. When Frank Gascoigne returned to his native land — bringing with him his beautiful wife, and a rosy-cheeked babe, the plague and pet of the joyous Susan — few would have recognized the drooping form of the young governess, in the stately and elegant woman, who soon became the delight of that '*inner circle*,' that best portion of society — the educated, the refined, and the intellectual. Nor has the young clergyman — now the faithful pastor of a numerous flock — ever found cause to regret the seemingly fortuitous circumstances,

which led him to woo and wed his gentle bride. Susan has lived to see the wish of her youth fulfilled ; she has seen many a '*real grand party*.' Indeed, nothing but Isabel's influence and example, and the domestic happiness which she beholds in that dear sister's home, has preserved her from becoming that most frivolous of creatures, *a ball-room belle*.

TWILIGHT.

BY H. T. TUCKERMAN.

'There is an evening twilight of the heart.' *Halleck.*

AROUND the peace of evening softly falleth,
 And like the rustle of a seraph's wings,
 Breeze unto wave in gentle accents calleth,
 To soothe and gladden all created things ;
 O'er the far hills a lambent mist descending,
 With glory mild their verdant knolls hath clad,
 Far in the west transparent hues are blending, —
 Why, O my wayward spirit, art thou sad ?

Yon beacon chides thee as it gaily beameth,
 Like Hope's pure ray — across the darksome tide,
 And every laugh that to the cool air streameth,
 Should waft all gloomy memories aside ;
 The echoes of the sunset gun are dying,
 To hail the advent of the day's repose,
 And the full grain in whispered tones replying
 A welcome murmur to her dewy close.

Through the dense foliage of the elders playing,
The white sails with a queenly grace flit by,
And momentarily each dusky cliff betraying,
Electric flashes dart along the sky ;
Amid the grass the cricket's song is ringing,
One pale star gleams at the horizon's verge ;
The new-mown fields their incense wide are flinging,
While on the shore low curls the dreamy surge.

Enter, thou scene of vast and tranquil pleasure,
To the deep chambers of my brooding heart,
Let every sense the blest monition treasure,
And wake responses never to depart !
Thus shall the consciousness of aimless feeling,
Of dear illusions I long clasped as true,
Like this mysterious Twilight fraught with healing,
Confirm the promise it could ne'er subdue.



THE RECRUIT;

OR, WHO'LL SERVE THE KING?

BY SEBA SMITH.

[See the Engraving.]

‘SEE the engraving.’—Yes, reader, see the engraving, and therein you will have most decidedly the advantage over the writer hereof, who has *not* seen the engraving. Nevertheless, he has been so accustomed through life to seeing other people have the advantage of him, that he has almost ceased to regard such a fact as any obstacle in his way, and is not sure but in any given case he would go to work more readily and with greater hopes of success, where others had the advantage of him, than he would if by any chance the advantage were for once thrown on his side.

Why should I, who have not had a glimpse of

this engraving, refuse to open my mouth to the reader, and attempt to enlighten him with regard to its beauties and hidden meanings, when the reader himself has the whole thing bodily before his eyes and can study it at his leisure? Would not my attempt be perfectly right and proper, and in exact and decorous conformity with the customs and habits of this universal world? As a general thing, he that knows least of a matter, is the very one to instruct those who know all about it. The most ignorant man in the crowd will predict the result of an election, or decide on the probabilities of peace or war, with more assurance than the leader of a party or the prime minister of state.

In describing what I have not seen, I may indeed be driven to the necessity of 'drawing on my imagination for my facts;' but let not that discredit my testimony. Do not our learned travelers, and even grave historians, do the same thing continually? Suppose my readers, as soon as they become my readers, do know more about the engraving than I do myself; is that any reason why I should not take them by the button-hole and tell them all about it? If you are roasting beneath the intense heat of a summer sun, does not the first man you meet *inform* you, with his first salutation, that it is a

very hot day? Or if you are wading ankle deep in mud and water, does not every one who sees you, hasten to convey to you the valuable intelligence, that it is very bad walking?

On the whole, if this is a reasonable world that we live in, I cannot see anything very unreasonable or absurd in my being required to interpret to my readers the language of a picture, which they have directly before their eyes, and which my eyes have never seen. I will therefore, 'speak right on, tell them what they themselves do know,' much better than I do, and if from the peculiar circumstances of the case I chance to make any mistakes, why, to be sure, I can only point them to the little 'feller sogers' in the picture, 'poor, dumb,' little fellers, 'and bid them speak for me.'

I hazard little, I think, in the assertion, that this picture is *ante-revolutionary*; for I am told the very title embodies the significant inquiry, 'who'll serve the king?' And it is not for a moment to be supposed, that since the important era of the revolution, such a question has been seriously asked in this country.

In fixing on the *date* of this picture, which I can only do from a very brief and imperfect description, that casts but a dim and shadowy light upon it, I am led to infer that it is not only *ante-*

revolutionary, but that the precise point of its date was immediately preceding the revolution; while the people of this country yet lived under the *forms* of monarchical government, but began strenuously to deny its *power*. I am warranted in this opinion both by the title and the general character of the picture. The artist dared to write over it, 'Who'll serve the king?' Therefore it was before the Declaration of Independence. The general subject of the picture is, 'boys playing soldiers.' Therefore it was *not long before* the Declaration of Independence; for at no period in the history of the country have boys, both young and old, 'played soldiers' so much and so well, as they did about that time. And the true artist in representing any great feature of a country or a people, will always seize on that point of time when such feature was most prominent.

Having thus determined the *date* of the picture, we may, I think, by a like mode of reasoning arrive at its *locality*. For the artist would not only be careful to seize on the *time* when the feature, which he wished to represent, was most prominent, but also on the *place* where it was most effectually exhibited. Here we are at once carried to the old Bay State; for it was there that in the days of the revolution the *soldier-spirit*

was pre-eminently manifest. There was its natural soil, the region of its spontaneous growth. It bristled on the plains of Lexington, and overshadowed the brow of Bunker Hill. It was a wall of fire round about Boston, and a glory in the midst. I make no hesitation, therefore, in jumping to the conclusion, that the scene of this picture is laid in Boston.

The date and the locality being satisfactorily disposed of, it only remains to develope and elucidate the *subject*.

CHAPTER II.

'Who 'll serve the king?'

*'When I was a little boy,
My mother kept me in,
But now I am a great boy,
I 'll go and serve the king;*

*I can shoulder a musket,
And I can handle a pipe,
And go and see the pretty girls
Till ten o'clock at night.'*

Mother Goose.

Though it may be more difficult to arrive at certainty in this last branch of the inquiry, than in the two former, I trust sufficient light may be thrown upon it to satisfy a Jury, 'beyond a reasonable doubt,' what particular group of boys,

among the thousands who were 'playing soldier' in those days, stood to the artist for this picture. They might have been seen on a bright and clear day in the winter of 1774 on Boston Common, beating up for recruits as here represented.

The overbearing conduct of General Gage, and the insolence of the British soldiers, had done much to stimulate the spirit of revolution. The coming trial of strength between the people and their oppressors was not only clearly foreseen, but had already become a common topic of conversation. The boys had caught the spirit, and were exhibiting it at the time spoken of, on Boston Common. Snow forts and breastworks were thrown up, surrounded by entrenchments, and manned with hostile forces in battle array. Here, by agreement, was the British encampment, and there the American. A decisive battle had been fought, and the mimic British had been worsted: in truth they had been most decidedly 'licked.' They had been driven from the Common and far down the street. Their leader, however, who was a merry fellow, and by no means wanting in 'spunk,' rallied his flying forces and resolved to return to the charge. He beat up loudly for volunteers, with the cry of 'who'll serve the king?' It was at this point undoubtedly, just as the leader was trying to *hook on a*

little timid fellow who seemed to lack the nerve to stand a second brush, that the artist caught the group and nailed them to his canvass.

Although I might here, with perfect propriety, consider my task completed, the picture 'done for,' accounted for, [see the engraving,] yet it may perhaps be the part of wisdom and prudence to *bolster up* my account by following out the line of history a word or two further.

In the course of the winter these mimic battles on the snow fortifications were several times fought over, and generally with the same success; the Britishers almost invariably got whipt. Their side evidently was not the popular side. It was difficult to keep their ranks full. In this state of affairs the real British soldiers, the full-grown red-coats, undertook to interfere by resorting to the Common and demolishing the snow forts and fortifications. The boys remonstrated, and rebuilt their works, but the offence was several times repeated. At last the boys, in the true spirit of the age, held a sort of council of war, and resolved to send a delegation direct to head quarters, and demand of General Gage a redress of grievances. Accordingly a selection was made of the largest and bravest among them, and the delegation waited on General Gage at his quarters. They stated their case with firmness and decision, and

requested the General to exercise his authority to prevent any infringement on their rights in future. The General at first suspected they had been put up to this deed of daring by their seniors, in a sort of rebellious spirit, and charged them with it. But the boys indignantly replied, that they had come of their own accord to demand their own rights; and General Gage was so struck with their heroic and manly spirit, that he at once assured them the soldiers should not be allowed to trespass upon them again.

FOREST CHANGES.

BY ELIZA S. PRATT.

SPRING.

How beautiful ! how beautiful ! — the forest cool and sweet,
 The broad limbs waving overhead, the moss-turf at my feet,
 The clear brook laughing clear and wild amid this world of
 bliss,
 The hazle stooping to its brim, as if it longed to kiss !

And lo ! the wild flowers springing round beneath the shel-
 tering leaves,
 The glory of the garnered year their infant cradle weaves ;
 How sweetly innocent they look, all turning to the sky,
 As if they had a soul to give, when their petals droop and
 die.

One silver bell — O ! it is mine — the first one of the year,
 I'll press thee to my eager lips, sweet flower, how doubly
 dear !

And list ! what music murmuring the roundelay of Spring,
 'T is the wild and fitful melody the Forest minstrels sing.

How tremblingly, and sweet it comes ! the air is full of
 song,
As underneath the tasseled boughs, it gushing breaks along.
Soft — soft — I scarce may dare to breathe. Is this God's
 temple dome ?
And bows He from the flashing skies to build an earthly
 throne ?

SUMMER.

How changed — and yet how beautiful ! since last I linger-
 ing stood,
Beneath this very arching bow, within this very wood —
Some magic hand has been at work, upon this dear retreat,
The tiny buds have grown to flowers, the air has grown
 more sweet.

Now underneath the stately boughs, unbroken shadow lies,
Their foliage wears a deeper hue, a deeper blue the skies ;
The soft moss springing underneath, is of a richer green,
And now, all o'er the glistening turf, ten thousand flowers
 are seen.

How beautiful ! I'll weave me now a garland bright and
 fair,
Dearer to me these simple flowers, than pearls, or diamonds
 rare.
How softly now the silvery brook, winds on its way along,
The tangled grass, and plumaged brake, have almost hushed
 its song.

The tree that played above its brim, now droops upon its
breast,
The tasseled foliage sleeping there, like a wearied thing at
rest; —
The wood-lark soars upon her wing, with sweet and plain-
tive lay,
As if in tuneful melody, she mourned her mate away.

Ten thousand insects fill the air, on wings of gauzy gold,
The power of beauty everywhere around me I behold.
The Forest in her glory, and the Summer in her pride,
With her mantle floating round her, like a young and happy
bride !

AUTUMN.

ONCE more, and I am here again — O ! months have rolled
away,
Since with the rapture of a child, I sang to thee my lay.
Now in a shower of gold I stand, and rainbow-tinted dyes,
The crimson harvest touched with fire, around me glittering
lies.

Each dear-loved tree has shuddering felt, a beauty-blasting
breath,
And round her shrinking form has wrapped the scanty robe
of death.
Still beautiful ! the dolphin wears her splendor to the last,
So, richest are the Forest-robcs, touched by the autumn blast.

Above — how like a shining host of banners all unfurled !
Beneath — a sea of generous gold, in surging billows hurled ;
Where now the soft green turf, and flowers, that blossomed
underneath ?
Gone, and their faded glories twined in this Autumnal
wreath.

The music — oh ! how changed, yet still, a living voice is
here ;
The requiem song of Summer falls, now sadly on my ear ;
It whistles in the trembling boughs, pipes through the chilly
air,
And murmurs from the foaming brook, stripped of its glory
bare.

The wild crow on her midnight wing, now hovers in the
skies, —
The eagle with her young give back, their strangely thrill-
ing cries ;
Gone is the softer music — gone, the breath that charmed
me here,
And now in all thy wealth of gold, I leave thee, Forest dear !

WINTER.

O WINTER, in thy bitterness ! — a deep and awful roar,
Like the battle-blast of Ocean, as it booms from shore to
shore,
Now swells within the forest, and sweeps along the glade,
Athwart a sea of glittering ice, thy stormy breath has made.

The giant-trees — how changed ! how changed ! sad tears
lament their doom,
O ! if I could but summon back, their glory and their gloom ;
And if the flowers might wake to birth by the murmur of
my prayer,
How gladly would I linger here, and breathe the chilly air !

The snow-wreaths of New England ! strange visitors of
Earth,
I've mourned to see my cottage home, grow dreary at your
birth ; —
All nature in a winding sheet — the path-way drifting high,
The foliage crushed, or bare and chill, and chill the northern
sky :

To watch the blighted herbage fall, before the north wind's
breath,
And many a flower in sheltering snow, surprised by sudden
death ;
The whole broad earth so desolate, the forest but a tomb,
Where shrieking winds and battle-blasts, go roaring through
the gloom !

Gone are the songsters of our earth ! I cannot linger here,
Where not a single bird or flower, the solitude may cheer ;
I wait the genial breath of Spring, where of old she always
smiled,
Till birds and flowers come back again, adieu, ye wood-walks
wild !

KISSING THE COW.

BY RICHARD GRANT WHITE.

'Omnes habeant prædilectiones suos, ut dixit ancilla quum vaccam suam osculavit.'

'De gustibus non disputandum est.'

THE old woman was right ; she had a right to kiss her cow merely because it was her 'notion.' But if she meant to say that, because it was her notion, it was as natural as if she had kissed her son or her husband, then the old woman was wrong.

This latter construction is that put upon her *ipsa dixit* by all who quote it, mentally or verbally, to sustain their obtuseness, their ignorance, their vanity, or their obstinacy in refusing to receive any one of the acknowledged principles of taste. Such persons resist efforts to refine and make just their perceptions of the beautiful, as an infringement of their rights ; and in our day, and particularly in our country, any denial of the right or of the ability of all and every one to decide with author-

ity upon esthetical questions, or any assertion of the propriety of submitting to those of the most cultivated perceptions, is resisted as a trespass upon the liberty of the individual, resented as an insult to the dignity of man, and sneered at as at variance with that progressive spirit of the age which declares at the same time that majorities shall rule in all things, and be ruled in nothing by fixed principles. Such will not understand that Beauty is a Queen *Dei Gratia*, and not *voce populi*. They will not see that they can no more elect their own Beauty than they can elect their own Maker, and that it is as absurd for each man to have his own private standard of taste, as to have his own private deity; and so they go on fabricating what they shall adore, and blindly imagine that they are worshipping a god, when in fact they are groveling before a misshapen idol the work of their own hands. Some few there are who unwittingly erect in their souls an altar to the unknown goddess, and ignorantly worship her whom the true apostle of Beauty declares unto them; but they are they who hasten to cast aside their vague visions to acknowledge the deity and to welcome and learn of the apostle.

It is a remarkable fact that all who resist the ordinances of what is called taste, do so on what

they presume to be natural grounds, not seeing that all great rules in the fine arts have fixed foundations in our general nature, not in our individual peculiarities. Because an old woman has an inclination for cow kissing it does not by any means follow that it is a natural inclination, nor, if it were general, does it follow that all would be right in preferring a cow's muzzle to human lips, though all would have an undoubted right to do so if they chose. But every man has *a right* to do many things not right in themselves.

The great difference which exists between both communities and individuals, as to the perception and acknowledgment of the beautiful, is, primarily at least, a difference in degrees of development, not radical. The sense of perfection and satisfaction which arises from a due subservience of parts to the whole, symmetrical uniformity relieved by a harmonious variety, the stimulus of novelty, and the stirring emotions which accompany the elevation of the soul above its ordinary level, are sources of high gratification which spring in the bosoms of all, though not in an equal degree nor with equal frequency. Some appear to have them not, only because they have not been awakened, and in others we hardly recognize them because the fount has been defiled. But in those in whom the discern-

ment of the beautiful has been rendered acute by vigilance, vigorous by practice, and pure by cultivation, uniformity is produced, or rather unanimity of perception and sympathy, which hence becomes the index of what is called good taste, and when such are found to differ, it is from past or present associations connected with the subject of difference, or from a transient morbidness of feeling, not from any radical difference.

For the same reason a man may, and usually does, differ from himself at different periods of his own life, not because he has adopted any new principles of taste, nor because he has undergone any fundamental change in the structure of his mind, but because his standard rises continually as he has more experience. Indeed, if men differed from each other, or one man from himself as to the essential and intrinsic, and not the relative and accidental qualities of the object contemplated, then, to make a bull but not a blunder, they would not always differ, for they might and would frequently give to the same object the same amount of admiration but on totally different grounds. But such is not the case. Such minds as those of whom we have last been speaking approve or disapprove for the same acknowledged reason, according as their critical acumen is sharpened by use or swayed by

association, invigorated by mental health or enfeebled by mental disease. They never agree to disagree, never claim that esthetic criticism should use a sliding scale between fixed truth and personal sympathy, never talk about 'your taste and my taste.' They recognize no such thing as your taste and my taste, except in so far as yours or mine is good or bad taste. So far from this, in the matter of taste more than any other do they feel that there is but one right and all else is wrong. This does not exclude individual preferences from having full sway, for these individual preferences have in the minds of the cultivated no influence on the question of beauty, but merely direct the choice of the individual between two objects both acknowledged to be beautiful.

There is as much laziness and obstinacy as conceit and impertinence in the vulgar use of the saying 'there is no disputing about tastes.' It is usually the refuge of those who have formed their opinions without consideration, and for no other reason than their ignorant caprice. They are not able to prove themselves right, and are too obstinate to acknowledge themselves wrong, and therefore attempt to cut the knot by which they have blunderingly bound their perceptions, by denying any standard for themselves save their own vacillating and unenlightened inclina-

tions. Indeed, may not the aphorism be considered as distorted in its usual application, and as really bearing two significations; first, there is no disputing about preferences, it is futile, for they are the result of individual characteristics, and as much inalienable from the individual as his expression of countenance or his stature; and, second, there is no disputing about taste, it is needless and presumptuous, for it is a matter fixed beyond dispute. If taste, — we should not say good taste and bad taste, as we do not say good law and bad law; a decision is law or not law, so a man has taste or lacks it, — if, then, taste be not based upon the fundamental principles of nature, and built up by the gradually perfecting hand of art, whence comes that mutual approximation of opinion, that universal recognition of one standard on all subjects in which it is concerned, which becomes apparent in all nations in their progress towards refinement, and among all men whose faculties are developed by exercise and cultivation? This advancement of taste in one direction is like the course of the fluid round an electro-magnetic bar, the one pole of which repels the other from which the course commenced, for the very reason that that course, while it has been onward, has been the same. Without supposing some fixed and acknowledged pole upon

the world of taste, it would be impossible to account for the rectitude and constancy which mark the direction of the creative arts in all civilized nations ; and it would be as equally just to doubt the usefulness or reliability of the magnetic needle, because of its trifling variations, as to deny the usefulness or integrity of the principles of taste, because they appear sometimes modified in action by the phases of individual character. Unguided by any polar star, the arts would wander at random, seeking a haven whose direction they know not, ready to shift their course at any time with the fitful gale of popular caprice.

Strange as the assertion may appear to some, the rules of taste are as firmly fixed and as susceptible of demonstration as the objects of pure reasoning. They have their rise in a fountain as pure and more unfailing.

Reason exacts not more truth than does Imagination.

But the rules of taste, from their inherent nature, are exposed to the ensnaring influence of our passions, our associations, and our prejudices, and hence in their action must almost necessarily be exposed to unsuspected perversion, and the silent intrusion of extraneous influences. The very height of civilization, which is alike the cause and consequence of a high and perfect per-

ception of the beautiful in the few, also seems to throw fresh perplexity into the theory of taste, and to involve its principles in bewildering confusion for the many; and this simply because the many will not in any way yield the claim of their uncultivated preferences, to equal consideration with the immutable principles acknowledged, submitted to, and confirmed by the great creative minds of the world from antiquity downward. It has been thus in all nations save one. In Greece all had taste. He whose oxen brought the block of marble to the studio of Phidias, was, in most things, a fit critic upon the statue hewn from it, and Phidias would have listened to him. And the reason of this was not only that the Greek was continually surrounded by the beautiful, but that he felt and acknowledged the might and majesty of the deity whose manifestations were continually around him, and looked reverently on the Poet, the Painter, and the Sculptor, as her priests, to whom he was to listen and from whom he was to learn. He judged from feeling and applauded from impulse; but that feeling and impulse were, unknown to him, governed by laws as unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. Taste seemed to him an unmingled result; whereas with him, as with all, it was complex in its structure though simple in its sensa-

tions, as the seven colors of the spectrum unite to produce a ray which is different from all and seemingly more pure than either. It is independent of volition, for being once established, it operates involuntarily when any object is presented to it, as the eye itself expands or contracts spontaneously according to the intensity of the light placed before it.

Poetry, Painting, Music, and Sculpture, are but different manifestations of the same inspiration. They differ not in the end to be attained, but in the mechanical means adopted to attain that end. An old writer, after speaking of what he calls the 'delicate relationship' subsisting between these, so called, different arts — we call them all poetry — says :

'It is to the soul that we are to trace back this illustrious pedigree : after pursuing it through all its various ramifications, we are brought at last to that trunk of original feeling seated in our common nature. Their family titles and their record, their ensigns armorial and their bearings, are all deposited here. Here are substantiated their heraldic claims ; here their legitimacies are proved, and here their dignities confirmed.'

But the soul to which he would have us trace back this pedigree is not any individual soul, because this may be perverted by prejudice, by

interest, and by false associations. We are to consider this the soul of what we now call humanity; by which we mean an ideal, or rather, a truthful human soul, which is freed from all stain but its very humanity, and warped by no prejudice but love for its fellows. Here we will find the pure and ever-springing sources of the delicate and beautiful analogies which exist between the creative arts.

But we are to seek the marks of this correspondence in their ultimate operation on the passions and feelings, than in their external characters and effects. Music and Poetry on the one hand, and Painting and Sculpture on the other, fall under the cognizance of different senses; but they are not the less all poetry, and not the less do they awaken the same feelings in the soul, and require the same order of mind to create or to appreciate creation in either of them. It is only because these minds are in bodies of different organization that the one art is exercised or preferred to the other. Show me a man whose soul is ποιητής, and whose body, eye, ear, hand, and voice are all perfect, and I will show you a man who, if he have enough matter in him to bear the wearing of his mind, will be at the same time a greater Poet, Musician, Painter, and Sculptor, than the world has yet seen.

The beautiful and sublime, — and sublimity is but one form of beauty ; — the beautiful and sublime in one art, are the beautiful and sublime in another. In the arts which address themselves to the eye, beauty resolves itself into uniformity, variety, proportion, and harmony of color. Uniformity, because it produces facility of conception, and enables the mind to grasp firmly the whole outline ; variety, because it gratifies the appetite for novelty, and gives the mind agreeable exercise in passing from one agreeable contemplation to another ; proportion, because it conveys an idea of fitness, and gratifies what may be called a sense of mechanical justice in our minds. Harmony of color seems to gratify us, because of the structure of the eye and the properties of the speculum ; for the eye is most gratified by having those colors in juxtaposition which best compensate to each other the rays they each absorb.

The beauty of music, although it arises from different physical causes, addresses itself to the same faculties of the mind. The variety of movement in the different parts, which is yet regularly subservient to the general uniformity of the whole, is perhaps the greatest of the charms of music, setting aside its capacity as a relief and an excitement of the passions and

affections. In full harmony, this variety is more complicated and condensed than in simple melody ; but the beauty still consists in the coexistent variety and uniformity.

Much of our pleasure in music is of a mixed nature, partly derived from the present sound, partly from a lingering recollection of the last, and partly from a longing anticipation of the coming note ; and it is for this reason that if the music be of a high order, we are more pleased with the second hearing than with the first, for we are enabled to receive more of the composition at the same time than before, by means of recollection and anticipation. The same pleasure will be found, with different modifications, in the arts of Poetry and Oratory. And the great charm in all these different arts, without which all else is nought, expression, is also the strong bond of relationship between them.

All, avowedly or by implication, acknowledge a connection between taste and morality. And this connection is built upon the same foundation on which we have placed the alliance between the creative arts.

This connection does not resolve virtue into one of the fine arts, although a really great poet must be a really good man ; nor does it imply that the moral qualities of our actions should or could

be tried by the standard of taste, although bad morals will be generally, if not always, found to be in bad taste. But it will ever be found that a soul incompetent to the enjoyment of the great effects of the arts, is equally incompetent to the proper appreciation of deeds of magnanimity and heroic love, which are the sublimely beautiful of morals, which excite admiration from the same or analagous causes as excite admiration in the world of material beauty. Every elevated exertion of the rational and moral powers rivets another link upon that infinite chain of immutable principles which binds in an enlightened and welcome bondage the mind well grounded in taste.

PROGRESSION.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

HOPE on, hope on, oh ! weary heart,
 Though dark the hour may be ;
 For know, in all thy struggles, know
 A glory waits for thee.
 Oh ! keep thou still the dew of youth,
 Oh ! hold thou steadfast to the truth.
 What though thy strong desires sent forth,
 Unequal ends attain,
 And thine intensest thought result,
 That all of earth is vain —
 Yet not in vain, if truth and right
 But arm thee with heroic might.

Toil on, for like the pillared stone,
 O'er which the moss hath crept,
 And veiled the record there inscribed,
 While ages round it slept,
 Thon, through the dimness, yet shalt read,
 A truth to meet thine utmost need,

That thou, in this unequal strife,
Art tending to a goal,
Whose object realized, shall fill
The vastness of thy soul —
Oh ! not to mock the thirsting heart,
Doth God such yearningness impart.

THE SENTIMENT OF SELF-SACRIFICE.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

'It is proverbial that we have quarrels with our nearest, and are most jealous of our dearest.'

Martin F. Tupper.

'It is so easy to make sacrifices for those we love,' said one of the most gifted women of our country, the other day. I heard her with amazement. The view seemed cold, intellectual, martyr-like.

Surely there is a deeper sentiment than this in the soul of love; something, which, under the garb of contrariety, it may be, involves a sweeter and more intimate affinity — something akin to the waywardness of the child in scripture, who said, 'I go not,' and yet went. Where the heart is all right we can afford to trifle with a virtue; we have no need of caution and penance, we have such good fellowship within that we are buoyant, and trustful, and audacious; we may even call a pet quality forth and abuse it for the

sake of after endearment ; just as the truly pious can affect heathenism, while their more equivocal neighbors are obliged to plunge into cant, or the world will never believe they have any religion at all.

To me, this view of making self-sacrifices to those we love, is a foolish fraud upon one's self, and a cruel injustice to them, making them the occasions of our virtue ; placing them as stumbling-blocks before us, that we may sneakingly tumble into a good.

Are not those that we love a part of ourselves, and by rejecting what we would regard as a good, do we not in effect cause a dis severance, or, at best, put a part of ourselves to do penance for the other ; reviving a monkish sentiment of self-denial, and self-inflicted torture ? Is it not always painful to those who love to feel that a sacrifice *has* been made ? Would it not be more in accordance with the true affinity of soul to know that there *could* be no contrariety of *feeling* ? that no good *could* be resigned, because none would be desired other than what is mutual, and hence there would be no sacrifice ?

Besides, every act of self-sacrifice, I have observed (such is the weakness of humanity) to be succeeded by an exceedingly meek, much enduring sort of aspect in the achiever, which

operates as a tacit reproach to the other party, and never fails to produce a reaction ; and thus the real virtue slips away, leaving nothing but a flimsy garment in place of the stern ascetic intended to be grasped.

For myself, I feel a certain remorse of conscience in making such sacrifices : the complacent sense of resignation resulting therefrom seems wrongfully obtained. I have, for the time being, separated myself from those I love and made them a part of my discipline, in view whereof, I yearn over them with redoubled tenderness ; the step thus taken upon the symbolic ladder of the Patriarch has been at their expense ; and I would fain return that we may mount side by side. I blush at my superior virtue ; I blush that I should have availed myself of a weakness or a perversity on their part to make myself a shade better.

We have no right to dis sever ourselves in this wise ; it is selfishness, it is cruelty. It is leaving our friends behind us, from a heartless ambition to excel them in perfection. It is appalling them with a sense of inferiority. It is challenging them to admiration. It is a triumphant self-assertion under the garb of humility.

I reverence the virtue itself. I reverence the beauty and the holiness of the sentiment of self-sacrifice. It is a part of the *duty* of life. But

love is spontaneous and instinctive. Such as love do the 'will' of duty 'and know it not.' Its perfect oneness precludes the idea of a sacrifice. We say, 'it is my duty to do thus and so,' because love is not the high priest at the altar, and we cling for protection to the form, though, alas! the divine spirit is not there.

No, it is n't those we love for whom we make sacrifices, or ought to make them; otherwise the good so attained would become evil in the eye of our tenderness. We heap kindness upon the froward, and, without hesitation, appropriate the healthfulness of spirit that ensues as having been legitimately secured. We deny ourselves pleasures, and gratifications of all kinds, in behalf of those who are indifferent to us, because we feel these become an atonement for that indifference.

We sacrifice our own desires, pursuits, and expectations to those with whom we have little sympathy, because it does not vex us that they should exact it; we do not claim their recognition of our nature; and we take, without remorse, the good our sacrifices may bring to our spirits, albeit a meek compassion mingleth therewith, in that 'they know not what they do' in dooming us to bear the cross that is to lift us above the earth.

We quietly yield that which in justice might be our own, to those who have never sat in

the sanctuary of our hearts, because we will not indulge them by contention. They cannot understand us, we do not desire that they should. We were not made to 'hold sweet counsel together,' we were not made to plough, as it were, 'in the same furrow' in the great husbandry of life, any more than the 'ox and the ass' prohibited by the Jewish lawgiver.

To such we are scrupulously just ; to such we are dignified, and properly sustained ; to such we are, if need be, self-sacrificing ; for these are they whom we meet only upon the broad highway of humanity, nor turn aside to the 'delectable gardens' of love and congeniality. These are they whom we may rightfully use as the occasions of our virtue. We may grow weaned from the world through their instrumentality. We may learn that all is vanity and vexation of spirit, for they were designed to teach us the truth. We may grow meek through their frowardness ; gentle and forbearing, earnest, and truthful, and loving, in that they suggest the need of these qualities.

But, ah, not to those who are life of our life must we look for these things. Not to those with whom we have a spiritual assimilation ; for these are fellow passengers with whom we divide the scrip, leaning upon the same staff, and our eyes

instinctively resting upon the same objects ; others are but guide-stones, or mounds of warning erected for our security along a path that to us is forever brightening.

As we build up the temple of God in our own souls, we do not use the things of the altar like the tools of the craftsmen, to joint mortice and balance arch, to rear column and adorn capital ; no more should we put to unhallowed purposes the priest offering of sympathy.

It is those who love us most that have need to pardon most in us ; and a new love is born by the very process of forgiveness. ‘To whom much is forgiven the same loveth much,’ saith the blessed Savior, recognizing the tenderness springing from weakness, the purity of the well springs of sympathy, even, although embittered and turned astray in the progress of life.

Those who love us most endure most from our infirmities, our waywardness, and perversities, simply because they do love us, and we them. We are reveled to them heart and life. We sit side by side with them in the very sanctuary of truth, and they ‘know our thoughts afar off,’ for, present or absent, we are revealed to them. Self-sacrifice is unheard of here. The cloaking of a thought, the evasion of a desire would assume the nature of a falsity in the light of this oneness of spirit.

We have a right to the forbearance of those who love us; 'for love suffereth long and is kind.' We have a right to their faith, for 'love hopeth all things.' We throw ourselves defenceless upon the armor of their mercy. We affect no perfectionism, we plead nothing but the love which ever 'covereth a multitude of faults.' We may weep and lament over our weaknesses, but it is always with the sweet assurance of pardon clinging like a balm to the heart.

In this way it is that the little peculiarities, the foibles, and weaknesses of true friends become sources of endearment. The virtues are for public admiration, for the good of society at large, and the individual in particular; but the dear little faults are the exclusives; they are the sweet, coy things things that shun general observation, and, 'leaning to the side of virtue,' still nestle away in the cosey corner entirely our own, and often startle and mutually endear by the contrast of weakness and strength; folly and wisdom; shades of waywardness and gleams of magnanimity; tenderness and meekness linked with perversity; flashes of sentiment galloping with the whimsical and grotesque — these are for us, and for us only, and go to make up the sum of the creatures of our affection.

With these we lay aside the mask and domino

with which we masquerade the world, and in simple vestments, and with uncovered brow, and eyes that read the soul, we wander along the stream of life, in sportful seriousness, watching the bubbles that rise upon its surface, sometimes perversely breaking a pet bubble of the other, yet only to mingle tears at its bursting, and to smile again as others arise of larger size and more radiantly colored.

We must make sacrifices in life, it is necessary from the nature of things; it is a part of our discipline and duty so to do; such being the fact, let us make them where the greatness so achieved shall not shame us; where the glory will not reproach us. Let us yield the way to the indifferent, the unsympathizing and repulsive; but keep our little perversities, our whimsicalities, our self-assertions, for those only who have a right to them; who are dear enough to us to be quarreled with; who love us well enough to take us as we are; who do not expect to always find us *prepared for reception*; 'at home' to stilted proprieties, dignities in costume, and virtues duly labeled, but who see our true selves, neither through a microscopic nor magnifying lens; but relying upon our intrinsic worthiness, love us because we *are ourselves*.



P. & A. 1797

1797

THE KNOXES

THE STUDENT.

BY ELIZABETH BOGART.

YOUNG Athol trimmed his lamp, and sat him down
 To his deep midnight studies — on his cheek,
 A hectic flush burned with unwonted power,
 And his eyes shone with an unearthly fire.
 The ponderous volume lay upon the desk —
 And as he opened to his weary task,
 He breathed forth murmurs in half uttered words.
 ‘ Sure there ’s a curse on learning ! oh, it steals
 The calm and natural quiet of the heart,
 The lightness of the spirits ; and instead
 Of life’s sweet pleasures, and gay dreams of hope,
 Brings but anxiety, and care-worn hours.
 Sleep passes by on viewless wings, nor yields
 His balm to the tired student, o’er whose sight,
 Sits the decoying serpent, urging on,
 Still to the tree of knowledge. Be it so !
 I must to my stern labors. ’T was my *will*,
 That formed my *destiny* — nor may I now,
 Shrink from the road to which ambition points.
 The hill of Fame, still skirts the distant view ;
 And difficult and steep is the ascent ;

Yet will I onward in the hazardous path,
And win the goal, or perish in the attempt.'

Thus Athol mused, and wrestled with fatigue,
Till he o'ercame its power; and the still night,
Which laid a slumberous spell on all around,
Unfolded many a mystery to him,
From the deep well of science. He drew forth
Its hidden treasures, with the talisman
Of thought and genius. Not then had he felt
That passion's power, which paralyzes all
The strength of intellect. *Ambition* seemed
All that was worth the energies of man.
Within his breast, 'twas a consuming fire,
Fed by the lightest breath of the world's praise.
He strove to fill his heart with thoughts of fame —
Casting all dreams of bliss, all hopes of life,
Upon a throw for glory. On, and on,
Climbing and toiling for a phantom-bride.

Time wrought its changes — and the student's dreams,
Had other inspirations. Suddenly
His books were cast aside, and every thought,
Was chained by the absorbing power of love.
Fresh springs of feeling, bright and pure and deep,
Opened within his soul; and he forgot
How his high spirit had disdained them once,
As weak and puerile — fitting but that sex,
Whose path of life is circumscribed by fate,
To humbler spheres. But woman has her day
Of triumph over man. Brief, it may be,
But absolute in its allotted time.

Thus even Athol yielded to her sway,
And bowed awhile at beauty's sovereign shrine.
Ah, beauty has an all-subduing power,
Where mental charms and fascinations fail !
Adelle was lovely as a poet's dream !
More beautiful than aught of earthly mould,
Which e'er had crossed his path. Bright as the morn,
And soft as evening, in its sweet repose,
After a summer's day — yet lacking still,
The brilliant light of mind, the silent thought,
Which gives expression to the face, and speaks
A deep and powerful language. Thus it is,
That talents seldom meet, where hearts unite.
He loved her for her gentleness, and mirth,
And for her fond devotedness to him —
He loved her, that she was so passing fair —
So free from art and guile — so full of *hope*,
Which breathed its incense o'er his wearied mind.
And yet, with all the selfishness of man,
He left her when his fitful dream had passed,
And cast her love away — a love more pure,
Than e'er is found save in a woman's heart.
He left her for the *world* — when *he* was all
The world to her — and in succeeding life,
When fortune smiled, and honors crowned his name,
Remorseful thoughts hung round those memories.
But pride is cruel ; and he would not stoop
To an unequal match. Some men there are,
Who blend the attributes of gentleness,
And sternness in their nature, with such art,
That often unresistingly we yield
To the seducing softness, while we feel
How firm in purpose, is each cold resolve.
And such was Athol.

Years again rolled on,
And half of the young student's towering hopes,
Had been fulfilled. He ranked among the first
In his profession ; and as wealth poured in,
Friends were not wanting. He was liberal
To all who sought his aid, in sordid gold,
Or higher mental riches — and soon grew
The popular favorite of the multitude.
But in his heart there was one blighted spot,
Which spread its desolate barrenness o'er all
The fairest flowers of life. He had won fame,
And found its boasted joys, a bubble burst !
Ambition had not satisfied his soul,
In its vain longings ! yet it bore him on,
Reckless of dangers, through his toilsome way.
He spoke not of unhappiness, regret,
Or disappointment — and to eyes,
Unused to read the heart, his lot in life,
Were seemingly most blest. Flattered by all,
His talents envied, and his favor sought,
He strove to chase the visions of the past,
And draw the rankling thorn from memory.
But 't was in vain. In hours of loneliness
It pierced his inmost soul — till galling thoughts,
Sported with his sad heart, and brought again,
His blissful dream of youth, his lost Adelle.
And then he keenly felt how false the pride,
Which could not give a recompense for love.
And in his joyless life, he knew that she,
The long forsaken one, was well revenged.

MACHINITO.

OR THE ORIGIN OF EVIL.

FROM THE LEGENDS OF IAGOU.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

'The Pagan world not only believes in a myriad of gods but worships them also. It is the peculiarity of the North American Indian, that while he *believes* in as many he *worships* but one, the Great Spirit.'

Schoolcraft.

CHEMANITON, being the Master of Life, at one time became the origin of a being, which has ever since caused himself and all others of his creation a great deal of disquiet. His birth was owing to an accident. It was in this wise.

Metówac, or, as the white people now call it, Long Island, was originally a vast plain, so level and free from any kind of growth, that it looked like a portion of land raised up from under the great sea, which was the case in fact.

Here it was that Chemanitou used to come and

sit when he wished to bring any new creation to the life. The place being spacious and solitary, the water upon every side, he had not only room enough, but was free from interruption.

It is well known that some of these early creations were of very great size, so that very few could live in the same place, and their strength was such as made it difficult for Chemanitou even to control them ; for, when he has given them certain elements, they have the use of the laws which govern those elements, till it is his will to take them back again to himself, when they die. Accordingly it was the custom of Chemanitou, when he wished to try the effect of these creatures, to set them in motion upon the Island of Metóvac, and if they did not please him, he took the life out before they were suffered to escape. He would set up a mammoth or other large animal in the centre of the island, and build him up with great care, somewhat in the manner that a cabin or a canoe is made.

Even to this day may be found traces of what had been done here in former years ; and the manner in which the earth sometimes sinks down, even wells fall out at the bottom here, shows that this island, over which towns and cities are now built, and even rail-roads constructed, notwithstanding the precarious kind of foundation be-

longing to it, (such is the temerity of the whites,) this island is nothing more than a great cake of earth, a sort of platter laid upon the sea, for the convenience of Chemanitou, who used it as a table upon which he might work, never having designed it for anything else ; the margin of the Chatiemac, (the stately swan,) or Hudson river, being better adapted to the purposes of habitation.

When the Master of Life wished to build up a mammoth, or a big buffalo, he placed four cakes of clay upon the ground at proper distances, which were moulded into shape and became the feet of the animal. Now sometimes these were left unfinished ; and to this day the green tassacks to be seen like little islands show where these cakes of clay which should have been feet, were placed.

As Chemanitou went on with his work the Neebonawbaigs, or water spirits, the Puck-weed-jinnies, or Fairies, (literally little vanishers,) and, indeed, all the lesser Menittoes, used to come and wonder what it would be and how it would act.

When the animal was quite done, and had dried a long time in the sun, Chemanitou opened a place in his side, and, entering in, remained there many days.

When he came forth the creature began to shiver and sway from side to side in such a

manner as shook the whole island for many leagues. If his appearance pleased the Master of Life he was suffered to depart, and it was generally found that these animals plunged into the sea upon the north side of the island, and disappeared in the great forests beyond.

Now at one time Chemanitou was a very long while building an animal of such great bulk, that it looked like a mountain upon the centre of the island; and all the Menittoes from all parts came to see what it was. The Puck-weed-jinnies especially, made themselves very merry capering behind his great ears, sitting within his mouth, each perched upon a tooth, and running in and out of the eyes, thinking Chemanitou, who was finishing off other parts of the animal, could not see them. But he can see right through all things that he has made. He was glad to see them so lively, and bethought himself of many new creations while he watched their motions.

When the Master of Life had completed this vast animal, he dared not give it life, and so it was left upon the island or work-table of Chemanitou, till its great weight caused it to break through, and sinking partly down, it stuck fast, the head and tail holding it in such a manner as prevented it from disappearing altogether.

Chemanitou then lifted a flap of the back, and found it made a very good cavity, into which the

old creations which failed to please him, might be thrown.

He sometimes amused himself by making creatures very small and active, with which he disported awhile, but finding these of very little use in the world, and not so attractive as the little Vanishers, he would take out the life, holding it within himself, and then cast them into the cave made by the body of the unfinished animal. In this way great quantities of very odd shapes were heaped together in this Ronconcomon, or 'Place of Fragments.' He was always careful first to take out the life.

One day Chemanitou took two pieces of clay and moulded them into two large feet like those of the panther. He did not make four — there were only two.

He stepped his own feet into them, and found the tread very light and springy, so that he might go with great speed, and yet make no noise.

Next he built up a pair of very tall legs in the shape of his own, and made these walk about awhile by themselves — he was pleased with their motion. Then followed a round body covered with large glittering scales like the alligator.

He now found the figure doubling forward; and, seizing a large black snake, which glided by

at that moment, he fastened it to the back part of the body, and suffered it to wind itself about a sapling near by, which held the body upright, and made likewise a very good tail.

The shoulders were broad and strong like those of the buffalo, and covered with hair, the neck thick and short, and full at the back. Thus far Chemanitou had worked with little thought, but when he came to the head he thought a long while.

He took a round ball of clay in his hand and worked it over with great care. While he thought, he patted the ball upon the top, which made it very broad and low ; for Chemanitou was thinking of the panther feet, and the buffalo neck. He remembered the Puck-weed-jinnies playing in the eye sockets of the great unfinished animal, and he bethought him to set the eyes out like those of the lobster, so that the creature might see upon every side.

He made the forehead broad and full but low ; for here was to be the wisdom of the forked tongue, like that of the serpent, which was to be in his mouth. He should see all things and know all things. Here Chemanitou stopped, for he had never conceived of such a creation before, one with but two feet, which should stand erect with shapely limbs and look upon every side.

The jaws were very strong, with ivory teeth, and gills upon either side, which arose and fell whenever breath passed through them. The nose was like the beak of the vulture. A tuft of the porcupine quills made the scalp-lock.

Chem Manitou held the head out the length of his arm, and turned it first upon one side and then upon the other. He passed it rapidly through the air, and saw the gills rise and fall, the lobster eyes whirl round, and the vulture nose look keen.

Chem Manitou became very sad; yet he put the head upon the shoulders. It was the first time he had made an upright figure.

It seemed to be the first idea of a man.

It was now nearly night; the bats were flying through the air, and the roar of wild beasts began to be heard. A gusty wind swept in from the ocean, and passed over the island of Metówaç, casting the light sand to and fro. A heavy scud was skimming along the horizon, while higher up in the sky was a dark thick cloud, upon the verge of which the moon hung for a moment, and then was shut in.

A panther came by, and stayed a moment with one foot raised and bent inward, while he looked up at the image and smelt of the feet, which were like his own.

A vulture swooped down with a great noise of

its wings, and made a dash at the beak, but Chemanitou held him back.

Then came the porcupine, and the lizard, and the snake, each drawn by its kind in the image.

Chemanitou veiled his face for many hours, and the gusty wind swept by, but he did not stir.

He saw that every beast of the earth seeketh his kind ; and that which is like draweth its likeness unto himself.

The Master of Life thought and thought. The idea grew into his mind, that at some time he would make a creature who should be created, not after the things of the earth, the beast and creeping thing, but after himself.

He should link this world to the spirit world ; being made in the likeness of the Great Spirit, he should be drawn unto his likeness.

Many days and nights, whole seasons passed away while Chemanitou thought upon these things. He saw all things.

The Master of Life lifted up his head ; the stars were looking down upon the image, and a bat had alighted upon the forehead, spreading its great wings upon each side. Chemanitou took the bat and held out its leathery wings, (and ever since, the animal when he rests, lets his body hang down,) so that he could try them over the head of the image. He then took the life of the

bat away, and twisted off the body, by which means the whole thin part fell down over the head, and upon each side, making the ears, and covering the forehead like that of the hooded serpent.

Chem Manitou did not cut off the face of the image below, he went on and made a chin, and lips which were firm and round, that they might shut in the forked tongue, and the ivory teeth; and he knew that with the lips and the chin it would smile, waves of light would pass over the face, when thoughts come from within, and this no beast ever showed.

The image was now all done but the arms, and Chem Manitou saw that with a chin it must have hands. He grew more grave. He knew the power that he must give to the creature with hands, and he saw how it might be used.

He made the arms and the hands very beautiful after the manner of his own.

Chem Manitou now took no pleasure in his work that was done — it was not good in his sight.

He wished he had not given it hands: might it not, when trusted with life, might it not begin to create? might it not thwart the plans of the Master of Life himself?

He looked long at the image. He saw what it would do when life should be given it. He knew all things.

He now put fire in the image : but fire is not life.

He put fire in the image and a red glow passed through and through it. The fire dried the clay of which it was made and gave to the whole an exceedingly fierce aspect. It shone through the scales upon the breast, and the gills became as the verge of a furnace, the bat-winged ears too were a sheet of flame. The lobster eyes were a living coal.

Chemanimou opened the side of the image, *but he did not enter*. He looked at the broad head, and the hands, and the chin, and he stayed himself.

He made the creature walk all about the island of Metówaé, that he might see how it would act. This he did by means of his will.

He now put a little life into it, but he did not take out the fire. Chemanimou saw that the aspect of the creature would be very terrible, and yet his smile would be such, that he ceased to be ugly. He thought much upon these things. He felt that it would not be best to let such a creature live ; a creature made up from the beasts of the field, but with hands of power, a chin lifting the head upward, and lips holding all things within themselves.

While he thought upon these things, he took the image in his hand, and cast it into the cave.

But Chemanitou forgot to take out the life.

The creature lay a long time and did not stir, for his fall was very great. He lay amongst the old creations, which failed to please the Master of Life, and out of which he had taken the life and cast in thither.

Now, when a long time had passed, there was a great noise in the cave. The earth shook, and hot smoke came from the ground. The Manittoes crowded to Mettówac to see what was the matter.

Chemanitou came, also, for he remembered the image he had cast in there, and forgotten to take out the life.

He looked in; and there sat the image in a red light, and he was trying to put together the old broken things, which had been cast there as of no value.

Chemanitou gathered together a vast heap of stones and sand, for large rocks are not to be had upon the island, and stopped the mouth of the cave, for he said, surely he will die in the darkness.

Suddenly there was a great rising of the stones and sand—the sky grew black with wind and dust. Fire played about the ground, and water gushed high into the air.

All the Manittoes fled with fear; and the image came forth with a great noise and most

terrible to behold. He stood up in the face of Chemanitou, with his terrible light and his great power, as nothing had done before. His life had grown strong within him, for the fire had made it very fierce.

Everything fled from before him and cried, Machinito — Machinito — which means a god, but an evil god !

NOTE. The above legend is gathered from the traditions of Jagou, the great Indian narrator, who seems to have dipped deeper into philosophy than most of his compeers. The aboriginal language abounds with stories related by this remarkable personage, which we hope to bring before the public at some future time. Whether subsequent events justify the Indian in making Long Island the arena for the production of Machinito or the Evil Spirit, will appear more than apoeryphal to a white resident. However, we have nothing to do, except to tell the tale as it was told.

As to these primitive metaphysics they are at least curious ; and the coolness with which the fact is assumed, that the origin of evil was accidental in the process of developing a perfect humanity, would, at an earlier day, have been quite appalling to the schoolmen.

LE TEMPS VIENDRA.

BY C. F. HOFFMAN.

Suggested by a Cameo, with the above motto, representing a Greek girl, with her hand clasped to her lover's bosom, while both are mutely gazing on the skies.

No troth is pledged — no vow is passed,
 No words of love are spoken ;
 But round their hearts a chain is cast,
 Which never can be broken :
 Its links were there forever set,
 The moment that their pulses met,
 And wedded in one burning grasp,
 A bond no mortal can unclasp.

For if a watch be kept above,
 O'er manhood's faith and woman's trust,
 If Heaven wills that human love,
 Be ever traced in more than dust —
 'Tis thus, when like two streams that mingle,
 Two souls are in one moment single ;
 'Tis thus, when rapt like these from earth,
 In Heaven their union has its birth.

And they may never meet again,
Or only here like strangers meet —
May mingle with the cold and vain;
Like them, too, may each other greet :
But in their hearts will live the power,
The deep remembrance of that hour,
Till time shall teach — perhaps too late,
How closely woven is their fate.

A PEEP AT THE LUMBER DISTRICT OF MAINE.

EXTRACTED FROM A LETTER.

I WAS about to prepare a few observations upon the lumber trade of Maine, when the fine lines of Whittier, entitled 'The Lumbermen,' met my eye, and led my thoughts into quite another channel. In a country like ours abounding in all picturesque and poetic associations, and broad enough to apportion kingdoms of thousands of miles in extent, to the myriads of poetic minds, which our spirit-stirring land, and our unshackled institutions are every day developing, I have thought it would be well to drive each one into his own hereditary dominion, and forbid all infringement upon the acres of another.

In other words, each poet, of whatever degree of eminence, should feel himself in honor bound to develop the resources of his own district, whether picturesque, historic, traditional, or what-

ever else can be made poetically available; and every incursion, foray, or trespass, which such poet should make upon the grounds of another should be visited with condign punishment. He should use his own thunder, pour his own cataracts, pet up his own rivers, pile up his own mountains, kill his own heroes, give dying sentimentalities to his own maidens, nor dare to take liberties in any way, with any matters of the kind belonging to his neighbors. It must come to this if our versifiers hope for the least degree of celebrity, or would cultivate any kind of individuality in their writings.

I have been grieved and shocked that our writers have not come intuitively to a right perception upon this subject. I have mourned over some slight peccadilloes of mine own in this way, and a consciousness of error has made me the more earnest to speak plainly upon the subject. Our people have long had an undefined sense of right in the apportionment of certain parts of the country. As for instance, that New York, the northern section, at least, is the legitimate property of Hoffman, including the Adarondak mountains, the use of the Hudson and its hundred lakes, &c. Bryant has the exclusive right to Massachusetts, with a long range of mountains in the common, together with those solitary peaks, that contemn

companionship, such as Wachusett, Holyoke, Mount Tom, &c., (and here let me entreat him to christen the last with a decent name, as a solemn duty he owes his country,) and a goodly portion of that jilting vagrant, the Connecticut, the pride of the Merrimac, and divers other staid and dainty nymphs from the mountains, exempt from the usual tendency of Massachusetts rivers to waste themselves upon foreign borders.

Whittier may elaim New Hampshire with the first 'coming out' of the Connecticut and the Merrimac, and the whole of the White Mountains, with their grand array of ugly names, which he should set himself to correct. A great deal can be made of Kiasarge, but Mount Washington, Jefferson, Adams, &c., might look a little awkward in poetry, however that is his look out. Winnepissóge has great capabilities, but Umbagog, being upon the border might create a debatable right, as to how far the poets from either side should make use of it.

And now, here I will make my complaint. In that same poem of the Lumberman, Whittier is as free with Katahdin as though he had stepped out from his own hard soil; whereas Katahdin is king of the north, a lone watcher over the icy sources of the Penobscot and the Kennebee, the pride of Maine, and the protector of Moosehead

Lake. Katahdin is moody and sullen in his royalty, and though he may, in times of great elemental excitement, call to the New Hampshire brotherhood as 'Jura calls to the listening Alps,' yet this does not establish the least pretext for familiarity upon that score, and the Poet, as a gentleman, must be aware of the fact.

Judge then, how shocked I must have been, to hear Whittier blowing a blast upon Katahdin. I was preparing myself to approach the hoary old monarch of the north, when I was startled by a fore drawn utterance from the profane lips of a foreigner, who, though well-skilled in his art, is yet encroaching upon the domains of his neighbors. It is most true that Maine has rivers and highlands in abundance, enough to furnish out an army of poets, yet she must have the privilege of supplying these herself, and having but one peak at all proportioned to the ambition of her people, it should be common property for her own poets. New Hampshire has but one seaport, and surely a Mainite, with his hundreds at home, would be cruel to the last degree, should he attempt to raise storms and commotions in that one solitary harbor. So it is amongst mountains, and the writer of the Lumberman will trace the analogy.

A cheerful, intelligent hardy, bold, and enterprising race are these same lumbermen, and

Maine has furnished forth immense numbers of them. They plunge everywhere into the thickest wilderness, and the ringing sounds of the axe, wielded with a strength and precision, miraculous to an unpracticed hand, is heard in the deepest glens and the most unfrequented solitudes. No state in the union affords such facilities for the transportation of lumber as Maine, her many lakes and head waters supplying a ready carriage, from the most distant points to the sea, where our own shipping is everywhere ready to receive it, and carry to the West Indies, or wherever the demand is greatest.

A traveler through Maine is instantly struck with the number and beauty of its harbors along a coast of hundreds of miles in extent. He is next attracted by the immense numbers of vessels building all along the shore. Every nook upon the sea-board, every river and inlet, has its 'ship upon the stocks,' more or less in readiness for the sea. And here, let me add, I am sorry to say, these are often rigged prior to launching, despite the sailor's superstitious prejudice against it. Formerly, the hull of the ship was completed, and then she was launched before her rigging was adjusted. I am sorry to see common sense, lord-ing it so over the pretty superstitions which give life and poetry to the dull materialism of exist-

ence. Voyages are now made so short, and everything hurried through with such indecorous speed, that I fear the period will come that nobody will have time to be shocked at the supernatural, even should it become of every day recurrence.

Speaking of Lumbermen, the term is hardly suggestive of the hardship and labor to which they are exposed. Many a wild and thrilling story of peril and romantic adventure might be told of these men, who sleep with the cries of the wolf and the panther full in their ears, who ford rivers, dare rapids, and penetrate forests with a skill and hardihood truly astonishing, and who are better acquainted with the topography of the country than our most scientific observers, these last being glad to avail themselves of the results of their toilsome experience. After the logs are prepared, sledded over ice and lodged in the stream, which the spring freshet is to swell, and thus bear on to the most convenient port, the whole raft, — sometimes two and three miles in length, — often becomes wedged in by the ice and the banks of the river, the mass becoming stationary, with the danger of a rise from the pressure, and here comes in one of the perilous duties of the Lumberman. With axe in hand, he enters the boiling, grinding surge, cutting right

and left wherever there is best prospect of freeing the crowded channel. Suddenly with a terrible roar the raft springs onward, often bearing the devoted laborer with it, the logs rolling and plunging amongst themselves, and sweeping by with a tumult heard ten miles in the distance.

The great wealth of Maine is at present her lumber, but when this resource shall have become partially drained she is rich in lime, iron, slate, granite, and other minerals, which must, with her unparalleled water privileges, eventually make her one of the richest, as she is now one of the three great commercial states of the Republic.

Bangor looks like an appendage to the lumber trade, so board-like is its aspect and so neat and comfortable its plank side-walks. The number of saws employed for the preparation of lumber between it and Oldtown, which is fifteen miles up the river, is almost incredible. The beauty of scenery of any other river would be entirely destroyed by such an accumulation of peeled logs in its vicinity, as the Kennebec and other rivers with low banks suffer in this way, but such is the magnificence of hill and forest surrounding Bangor, the height of river bank, and the stately sweep of this most noble stream, that the lumber crowding its banks is as nothing in the account, no more in comparison than the dust and cob-web

hanging about a cupola affects the beauty of its proportion. This is true not only of the Penobscot, but even of the Kenduskeag, a little narrow, bustling stream, which crowds itself right through the heart of the City.

Little as the Kenduskeag is, it has at some time created a great tumult in this region. Instead of being content, as a small thing should, to go on through quiet, easy ways, its fussy ambition impelled it through granite hills high enough to intimidate most little things of the sort. In doing so, it has created loveliness and grandeur all upon a small scale, quite enough to reconcile us to the feat. In one part of its passage, the contest must have been terrible; for I stood upon the top of the cliff, shelving and jutting towards the opposite bank, which leaned forward as if still bewailing its dismemberance, and two hundred feet below flaunted by the triumphant streamlet, working itself to the most impertinent foam, white, and curling, and wooly, blending and changing into the dark amber colored waters.

Below me was a mill with its wheel in rapid motion, and myriads of logs lined the river. The falls were lovely in themselves, and the mill seemed inserted into the opposite bank, far down, with trees nodding from above, into the midst of which I might have shot an arrow. The mill-men

were about in their scarlet-shirts, indolent in their motions, and so far below as to seem only the appendages of a wild beautiful picture. The point upon which I stood is called the 'Lover's Leap,' and has of course its heart-thrilling legend, which I hope at some time to weave into rhyme.

No one is content with a single aspect of beauty, and accordingly I descended the cliff to mark its effect from below. I will say nothing of the descent, which certainly was not without its perils, but the scenery in this deep glen was more than enough to repay the toil. In looking downwards from a given height, there is always a sense of insecurity, a comparing of objects to satisfy you of the reality of proportions and distances, hence the artistic skill of Shakespeare, in dwelling upon the dwindled boat, and the men 'half way down gathering samphire, awful trade,' but, in looking upward, the magnitude of the material world stretches out almost to infinity. You do not command it, as you do in looking downward, where a buoyant spirituality half impels to a bound over, but a pigmy sense of impediment, of imbecility, and littleness seems to hem and crush you down as by a giant power. Your voice is a feeble piping—the rocks are remorseless Weendigos (Stony Giants) ready to grind you to powder—the trees rock back and forth and flaunt their

great limbs as if in ridicule of your presumption in thus daring the solitary grandeur of nature's still retreat. Overwhelming as the defile seemed from below, the view of the Kenduskeag as it wound its way, a slender, limber creature, smiling far up among the hills, and flashing out from the forest, was the loveliest conceivable.

But I must no more.

Yours, &c.

E. HELFENSTEIN.

THE SEEN AND THE UNSEEN.

BY ERNEST HELFENSTEIN.

'As in a glass darkly,' *St. Paul.*

WE pass along with careless tread,
 Where vine and buds are springing;
 We smile for all above our head,
 Are light and gladness ringing,
 Unconscious that beneath our feet,
 The lava flood is leaping,
 That in the pleasant summer heat,
 The lightning flash is sleeping :

And human eyes each other meet,
 With meanings sealed forever,
 And loving lips each other greet,
 Their tale revealed, ah ! never —
 And smiles, cold beaming smiles go round.
 The breaking heart concealing,

And temples are with garlands crowned,
Nor they their throbs revealing.

I too, for seeming must be mine,
With careless words shall greet thee,
Although the slightest tone of thine,
Like music will entreat me —
And I shall coldly meet thine hand,
'Tis thus the world is going,
Like mocking effigies we stand,
No one his neighbor knowing.

Ah ! better thus than each should know
His brother's heart-felt grieving,
For who could bide the sight of woe,
Which bears of no relieving ;
And who could list the mournful tone,
From every heart up-swelling,
Where hopes are dying one by one,
And hear their death-dirge knelling.

Oh ! should a sickness of the heart,
A weariness come o'er thee,
Would that these lines might peace impart,
Might unto joy restore thee.
And thou, with dreamy half-closed eyes,
Would'st o'er the missive ponder,
While floating faintly should arise
A form of light and wonder.

Oh then bethink, that there is one,
 Though none the secret readeth,
Whose soul forever and alone,
 For thee in secret pleadeth ;
Who trembles when thy name is heard,
 Yet meekly would be dreaming,
That had we dared to breathe one word,
 Thy coldness had been seeming.

THE HOT BREAKFAST.

WE have looked at this engraving time and again, to see in what way it should be illustrated. We have despairingly held it to our compeers, in the hope of relief, but each and all have returned it without hope, and each with a laugh at that poor forlorn little dog who is so desperate, to find he cannot burn his nose as well as the rest of his neighbors.

Sooth to say such is our admiration of doghood, that we feel grieved, and humiliated, to look upon it in this condition; had it been a single dog, he might have slunk aside with his disgraced and abused organ, and no one had been the wiser for it — but here are the masses, stimulating, mesmerising each other to this ridiculous contest — each resolved that his neighbor shall come off no better than himself. Here is little chance for individuality, for a kennel is to a dog what association is to a man; he loses in individual for the sake of numeric power; he is a spring





in a great engine, not the engine itself, or rather he is one of a pack. How different had been the aspect of each of these dogs under the occasion of the hot breakfast, had each been left to his own solitary characteristics. Worse qualities might have developed themselves in some, but certainly others would have been far more nobly dog-like.

The artist must have been in bad temper, when he conceived of this picture. He must have been in a sarcastic mood—he was jaundiced, spiteful, and spleeny, and so the poor unoffending dog race must suffer from his humors. I hate this covert satire. Animals obey their honest instincts, which are commendable in them. I see no reason why we should degrade them by spiteful and sarcastic analogies. I see no reason why we should liken their spontaneous outbreaks to the eager, wrangling contest of politicians for office, nor to the heartless division of the spoils by a victorious party. Let these people stand upon their own feet, and let us say they quarrel, and strive, and struggle, and push, and wrangle, like partizans, not like dogs, thus abusing an innocent race. Dogs are the friends and companions of man, and he must be base indeed, who would vilify his friend. Even the boy, who

will go half a mile out of his way to pelt a hog, would blush with shame to give his dog a kick.

Here we have dogs of different breeds, all evidently confined to the same kennel. Either this is another hard stroke of sarcasm, or else the keeper was much to blame. It seems too much like what is tolerated in human life, where all sorts of incongruous persons are brought into juxtaposition. It is too like the great mix up of radicalism. It is like the inverting process of society, by which men are not trained up to a given truth, but the truth must be dragged down, draggled, and changed, so that it may be a familiar one if not altogether white-robed.

I remember once having seen a troop of dogs of every variety of breed, emerge at early dawn from a great city and take their way to the country. An eager, savage looking pack were they, scouring along the highway, and as they went increasing both in speed and numbers. It was an appalling and yet a grand sight—for the instinct of the original dog, the wolf had broken loose in these creatures, and they were out in pursuit of prey. Now this may be frightful, these dogs however far removed from the original stock, still alive to the primitive instinct, recognizing it each in his neighbor and in himself, and thirsty for blood and carnage, yet had it the elements

of the sublime, and I recoiled from the sight with a sort of gratified terror — but these poor kennel associates are only ridiculous — their combination has an enfeebling, humiliating appearance — it is too much like the pettiness of the ambition of society — it is too much like the hue and cry of the world. We feel that these are degraded, ill used dogs, and, although we laugh, it is a laugh of pity and sorrow. We wish they would not caricature themselves. We wish they would be out and out dogs, and not mongrels.

MARGARET AINSLIE;

OR THE ILL-FATED BRIDAL.

BY THE LATE MRS. LUCY K. WELLS,

AUTHOR OF A MOTHER'S PLEA FOR THE SABBATH.

'The shadows of a coming doom
 Of sorrow and of strife;
 When Fates conflicting round the loom
 Wove the sad web of life.'

Mrs. E. Oakes Smith.

A STRANGER came to our secluded hamlet. She was past the gala day of youth, but it was impossible to tell her precise age. She had possessed brilliant beauty, and even now there was witchery in her flashing eye, and fascination in her smile. Her figure was slight and delicate, and cast in the most faultless model of female elegance. When I first met her, I knew nothing of her history, and, child as I was, her power over my young fancy was unbounded. She came

from a distant city, and had that charm of manner which intercourse with fashionable society alone can give. But I soon felt a deeper interest than even her grace and elegance could inspire. In society she seemed the gayest of the gay, but when silent, a dark cloud would pass for a moment over her animated countenance. It was something more than pensive sadness — it revealed an utter hopelessness of spirit. She was ever kind and gentle when her will was not thwarted, but her whole figure would dilate, her eye would flash, and her usually pale face become suffused, if she met with the slightest opposition. She often made one in our domestic circle, and when we could draw around the fireside, there was at times a slight heaving of the breast and a drooping of the eyelids as if her soul were communing with the mournful memories of the past. My little sister seemed to awaken all her affections, and when she drew her to her bosom and conversed with her, her voice, usually clear as the tones of a harp, became low, tremulous and broken. I felt sure whatever she might now be, she had been a mother, and that the time had been, when in her own home, her little ones had clung fondly around her. It was even so — and her story is a melancholy beacon to mothers and daughters.

She was an only daughter educated in the

midst of gaiety and splendor, and an object of admiration even in her childhood for her beauty. She possessed, too, the elements of a noble character. Frank, generous, and high minded, she might have been moulded to all that is lovely. But her mother idolized her, and instead of softening and tempering these dazzling qualities with the gentle and quiet virtues of woman, her education, her instruction all tended to one point — to make her an object of admiration. Yet even this murderous course could not destroy a heart that nature had formed so noble. Her affections were ardent, and her spirit was self-sacrificing on great occasions ; but she was the being of impulse and incapable of habitual self-control, or of yielding her own wishes to others in those little things which form the happiness or misery of domestic life. At fifteen she was introduced to the gay world, and her misguided mother felt that she had no more to ask, for her daughter became at once the reigning belle. She soon attracted the attention of Phillips, a young man of fortune. He was handsome, graceful, the admiration of the ladies, the envy of the men. Every thing about him appeared faultless : he was all kindness — there was indeed an excess of gentleness and attention, which might have awakened a suspicion that the feelings were not habitual. Margaret was but a confiding,

trusting child, and her mother was blinded by her vanity. But there was one who had seen him when the mask was off—an elder brother of the doomed victim.

‘Mother,’ said he, ‘I would rather follow Margaret to her grave than see her united to Phillips.’

‘Why so,’ said the startled mother.

‘Because he has the temper of a demon.’

‘Ah! William, you are always predicting evil. I have never seen a frown on his brow.’

‘Mother, I have seen him as he is — and mark my words — if Margaret, with her high spirit and unsubdued feelings is united to him, she will be most wretched.’

The mother was alarmed, and warned her daughter of her fears. Margaret’s color rose, and it was some moments before she could answer.

‘Mother,’ said she, ‘it is false. I am willing to stake my life that it is false, and I shall do it, for I shall be his.’

‘Spoken like your generous self, my noble girl, but you will observe him narrowly, nor will you marry without my approbation.’

‘Mother, dear mother, you know the depth of my affection for you, but I have given all my heart to him. I abhor such mean suspicions, when heart should speak to heart, and though I

wish my friends' approbation, I shall not be deterred by their opposition. But if you only knew him as I do, if you could but see his watchful kindness, you would rejoice at the happy destiny that awaits me.'

The weak mother, but too willing to be convinced, was silent. The wedding-day came, and all looked gay — all but her brother. He stood through the whole, apart in a recess, looking like a being gifted with second sight, before whom the shadows of other years were passing. Only once did he manifest a consciousness of the scene that was passing before him — when their hands were joined, and the words which were to unite them for weal or wo, were about to be pronounced. He sprang forward a few steps, with a look and gesture as if he would have snatched her away. But in a moment he sank back to his retreat, and the blood which had mounted for a moment to his pale brow, subsided, leaving his face like marble. Amidst the gay bustle of the scene he was unnoticed; once indeed his mother's eye wandered to him, when she started as if an adder had stung her.

From some strange oversight the wedding ring was too small even for the delicate finger of the young bride — and after in vain attempting to place it there, the bridegroom was obliged to put

it upon another finger. It was done with a quick and passionate gesture, and a cloud so dark passed over his brow that the young victim's hand trembled within his.

‘Did you see that the ring was too small,’ whispered Ellen Tremont, to a young friend — ‘it is a bad omen.’

‘And did you see *his* look,’ responded her friend. ‘Poor Margaret, I hope she may be happy, but I have sad forebodings.’

The wedding day passed — Margaret was carried to her husband's princely home, and amidst the gaiety that surrounded her, the omen and the look were alike forgotten. With all the generosity of her own nature, she declined dictating as to their domestic establishment. His friends were adopted as her own, and received with a smile of joyous welcome. For a little time all went well; he was proud of her beauty and grace, and delighted to exhibit her.

CHAPTER II.

‘ No brighter, lovelier face appears
In pleasure’s crowded mart;
That proud eye was not meant for tears,
No blight should touch that heart.

Yet as she sings, some memory throws
Its shadow o’er life’s morn;
Love’s first step is upon the rose
His second finds the thorn.’

Miss Emma C. Embury.

Margaret was but a child, and needed a kind and generous friend, and this she had not, either in her husband or mother. With a foolish and selfish fondness her mother wished still to hold the first place in her affections, and to have all Margaret’s leisure hours devoted to herself. For awhile Phillips bore this patiently, but one night, when she was drawing on her gloves, he said, ‘ Do you go *again* tonight Margaret?’

‘ Oh, yes,’ she replied, ‘ Mamma will be grieved if she does not see me again.’

He said nothing, but Margaret looked up and encountered that dark look, which had once before appalled her. For a moment she hesitated, but like a spoiled child, she determined not to be *frightened* from her purpose. One kind word, one gentle persuasive from him would have softened her — she stood holding her glove as if

she expected something which should give her an apology for remaining, but he turned coldly and silently away, and she turned her footsteps towards her mother's dwelling. Had she but met from him the gentleness and condescension of manhood, she had gracefully and willingly yielded; his nature might have been softened by the habitual self-denial and tenderness of a young and lovely being like herself, and all the sad events of after years might have been avoided.

He was harsh and violent, yet there were traits of generosity in his character, and had he felt that she was dependent on him alone for happiness, it would have awakened the latent nobleness of man's nature. His admiration and pride might have softened into affection, and had he felt that she leaned upon him alone, he would have scorned to oppress a being so helpless.

Margaret soon forgot, in the gay circle around her mother's fireside, all sad forebodings, but when the hour of return arrived, and her husband came not, she looked disturbed. One of those officiously kind friends, who are ever at hand ready to infuse the poison of their own malice into the hearts of others, whispered in her ear, '*Six weeks after marriage, my dear!*'

Margaret's dark eye flashed, and drawing her slight figure to its full height, she said to her

brother without deigning a reply to the whisperer, 'William, I will walk home with you. Mr. Phillips is doubtless detained ;' then bidding them all good night, and passing some spirited repartees with even more than her wonted gayety, she took her brother's arm.

But a weight, a boding of evil was at her heart, and when the excitement of light and gay voices was removed, she walked silently along. When they reached the door she bade William good night without asking him to enter. What passed in his mind we know not, there was no outward sign of emotion, and Margaret only caught the faint sound of a sigh, as he pressed her hand with unwonted tenderness. When she attempted to enter, she found the door of her own house locked against her. She paused a moment, and then rang repeatedly before a servant appeared to open the door.

Phillips had retired to rest, and a bright hope, yes, a hope that he might be only slightly ill was awakened. Running up stairs she laid her hand upon his and inquired if he were sick. 'No,' was the brief and surly reply. Margaret sank into an easy chair, and buried her face in her hands. It was the first time that a word of unkindness from a friend had ever met her ear. Her mother's warning, the look of the bridal

night, all were before her like spectres. 'So soon,' she murmured, and the hot tears of mingled sorrow and anger forced themselves through her slender fingers. This did not last long. Her high spirit was roused, and in a few moments her tears were dried, and her purpose formed.

'He shall see,' she said to herself, 'that I have the spirit of a woman. I will not be trampled. Cost what it may, I will be independent—and—' here there was a convulsive heaving of the breast, and she shut her eyelids forcibly together, to keep back the unbidden tears. 'My mother—she shall never know it if I am unhappy.' Poor child! she did not know what a desperate game she was to play. To hazard all, all, for what can a woman call her own when all has been confided to another's keeping? to hazard all for the poor hope of triumphing by obstinacy and self-will—spirit, as she was pleased to call it.

The morning came and to a careless eye all seemed as usual, but an acute observer would have seen that confidence was shaken. That is indeed an hour of woe when suspicion first finds place in the bosom of husband and wife. Margaret fancied she detected a fierceness in his glance when it was bent on her, and he imagined there was a little defiance in the careless gaiety of her manners. But no allusion was made to the

preceding evening, and when at night they joined a brilliant party, he was again all politeness and gentleness to his elegant wife.

‘How happy Margaret looks,’ said Ellen T. ‘Yes, extremely happy,’ replied the whisperer of the former evening, ‘I hope it may continue.’ As she turned she met William’s gaze fixed upon her as if he would read her very soul, and when she addressed some common-place remark upon his sister’s beauty and splendid lot, he turned from the base flatterer with an expression of loathing.

Weeks, months passed away. Margaret and her husband were the leaders in all the gayeties of the city—her step was the lightest in the dance, her laugh the merriest in the social circle, and yet as her brother looked upon her and watched the ever-varying color of her cheek, and the unquiet motion of her eye, as he saw the avidity with which she sought excitement and received the homage of the frivolous, he said to himself, ‘her heart is ill at ease.’ But she said nothing to awaken suspicion, she never breathed a word of sadness, and everything seemed as it should be, except that she evidently clung with yet warm affection to her early friends, and shrank almost with trembling from having them domesticated in her own family.

CHAPTER III.

For every heart hath some fair dream,
Some object unattained;
And far off in the distance lies
Some Mecca to be gained.

Anna C. Lynch.

Margaret became a mother, and when she first presented her babe, a beautiful boy, to his father, his heart was softened. Phillips took him in his arms, and as Margaret watched the expression of his countenance, her heart bounded when she saw a tear fall upon the unconscious face of the infant. She felt that she loved him doubly now as her husband and the father of her child. Her heart yearned for a look, for a word of tenderness, and when he pressed her hand and imprinted a kiss upon her pale cheek, her own tears flowed freely, but they were the tears of joy and hope. 'He has a heart,' thought she, 'perhaps I have not been sufficiently condescending; but Mamma says a woman should show she has some spirit, and I am sure I do not mean to be made a slave.'

While these thoughts were passing in her mind, her husband stood by the bedside watching her with a look of softened and intense interest. It seemed as if he read her thoughts for when her tears were dried, and she turned her fine

eyes kindly yet somewhat proudly upon him, he turned away with a half-suppressed sigh, and a look of bitter disappointment.

‘This little one will win you to stay more at home, Margaret, will it not?’ he said to her a few days after. ‘The duties of a mother will domesticate you, wild bird as you are,’ he added playfully.

‘Oh, yes,’ she answered, pressing the little one to her bosom, ‘but no,’ she thought, ‘he shall never know it is because he wishes it’—and she replied, ‘Oh, I can’t promise, they will so ridicule me if I mew myself up to be a nurse merely.’

His brow lowered, and his eye flashed fearfully, as he bent a searching glance upon her face, and left the room. In a few weeks, in defiance of his angry remonstrances, she was again among the gay, and her thoughtless mother urged her into the vortex of dissipation. But there was one who had watched her course with the interest of a guardian angel.

‘Margaret,’ said her brother to her, ‘you are not happy, this gayety is too excessive to be natural. Nay, no disclaimers, my dear, only sister. Listen to me calmly, and remember I have for you a father’s as well as a brother’s love.’

Margaret covered her face with her hand, and was silent.

‘I know your husband well,’ he continued. ‘I know his fearful temper. I feared all this before you were married to him, but you are now his, and regard for your own happiness, duty to him as your husband in the sight of heaven, and love for his child, all persuade you to make the best of it.’

Margaret shuddered convulsively, and her brother looked upon her with a pity, which almost choked his utterance.

‘I can tell you how you may obtain peace, my dear, if not happiness; will you promise to follow my advice?’

‘Tell me what,’ she faintly articulated.

‘You love Phillips, I am sure you do; the task therefore, should be an easy one. Yield to his wishes, consult his taste in all things. Try to convince him not by words, not by ostentation and pride, but by quiet, unobtrusive kindness, that you have no wishes, no happiness separate from his. Keep more at home, devote yourself to the care of your little one, dear sister, and if anything will soften his heart, assuredly this will. Can this seem a hard task; the consciousness of doing right will sustain you, and believe me, nothing but enduring wretchedness is before you, unless there is a change, and that speedily.’

For some moments Margaret was silent, there

was evidently a fearful struggle—her color changed rapidly, and the uneasy expression of pride lent a haughtiness to her face; but she at length said in a low firm voice, ‘I will try.’

And she did try; everything was yielded, but not with the meek and cheerful spirit of one who has borne the yoke in childhood as well as in youth. Little do mothers know when they require no efforts, no self-denial, no sacrifice from their daughters, what pangs they are preparing for them in after life. Trials of temper and patience must sooner or later come upon the most fortunate; those only who have been disciplined to habits of obedience and self-denial in early life can wear with ease and grace the yoke which all must endure. One thing alone will in any measure supply the want of such early discipline when in later life the wife attempts to do for herself what her mother should much earlier have done for her. If she keeps her eye fixed upon the example of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, looking to Heaven for aid in her attempts at ennobling her unsubdued passions, and yielding her own selfish wishes to the happiness of another, then indeed she may triumph.

Poor Margaret could look for no such aid. She went forward proudly confiding in her own strength, while the world around her was her

only standard of rectitude. It cannot, then, be surprising that her success was but partial. When she yielded it was with the proud air of one who is conferring a favor, and her keen sighted husband saw that though her time was spent more at home, she was constantly pining for the excitements of flattering and brilliant society. Still, with the pertinacity of one whose own will had been her only guide, she persevered not with the hope of winning his affection and confidence, but to show him of what she was capable.

Her friends soon missed her from the circle of which she had been the life ; and entreaties, persuasions, and ridicule, were all employed to lure her from her retirement. She struggled nobly — her word had been pledged to William, and while there remained a hope of softening the asperity of Phillips she determined not to yield. But her unsubdued spirit often rebelled, and even the sweet caresses of her children, for she had more than one, could not reconcile her to her lot. She returned to the scenes of her former gayety, where she was received with enthusiasm, and the music of flattery again rung in her ear.

All purposes of condescension and self-denial, were now abandoned, while in the exciting scenes of splendor and fashion she strove to forget her domestic misery. One night she had returned

at a late hour from a ball, where a young stranger of most fascinating appearance had paid her marked attentions. Her husband was not there, and her own lively manners gave him but too much encouragement ; for when a women ceases to find happiness in her own home, the gayety she assumes to cover the wretchedness within, too often is misinterpreted by others, and is too often dangerous in itself.

Passing a pier glass she caught a sight of her own figure, dressed as she was, with exquisite taste, and flushed with recent enjoyment. She stood for many moments surveying herself with an earnest gaze, till an angry flush passed over her countenance. ‘ This is the face and figure he scorns,’ said she indignantly ; ‘ others, at least, feel my power, and he shall see that they do. I will do no wrong — but he shall see that the beauty he despises is not lost upon others.’

She knew not the precipice upon which she stood. She knew not the fearful purpose she had formed. She read not the subtle language of pride and vanity, to which she listened, with their hidden purposes of evil. She saw not how they lead to a snare which might leave her at the mercy of the cold cruel world, which construes appearances harshly, even although nothing evil may lie beneath.

Many years had now passed since Margaret became a wife, and though her lot had been far from happy, she was still in the full bloom of her beauty. Animated by this new and rash purpose, she sought excitement everywhere, and admiration became a necessity of life. Even her weak mother became alarmed lest the world should censure, and ventured gently to remonstrate. Then it was that her pent up wretchedness broke forth, and after torrents of invective, against the selfishness and coldness of her husband, she declared her determination of finding happiness somewhere. The poor alarmed mother could only answer by her tears. She could not counsel, for she had no fixed principles of action herself by which she might suggest wisdom to another. Phillips had long ceased to attend her publicly, but at length the whispers of scandal reached his ear, and awakened the suspicion and malice of his nature.

He said nothing, but suddenly began to attend her as in former years. Margaret felt a strange sinking of the heart at this. She did not understand it. Half annoyed, uncertain to be pleased, she could only say to herself, 'I have done no wrong,' and yet she felt he would see reason to be dissatisfied with her. All for a while however seemed well—he now complimented her

upon her good looks, talked of the admiration she excited, and all so adroitly as quite to reassure her. He spoke of young Evelyn, so evidently fascinated by her grace and beauty, in such a manner as to convince her that he was not displeased even with the absorbing attentions which the youth bestowed upon her, and she thought, 'why should he, a boy as it were, and so pure and noble.'

All this time, Phillips was watching her with the eye of a lynx and the heart of a demon. He had just enough affection and spirit remaining to excite all the torments of jealousy, and while he seemed occupied in the easy flow of polite life, not a look or motion of the pair escaped him.

One fatal night Margaret suspected something of this, and all her native pride was aroused. In reckless defiance, she gave her arm to Evelyn to escort her to her carriage, and replied to some of his sallies with a look and a smile, that infuriated the moody Phillips.

The next morning the youth received a challenge, and he the guiltless victim of the folly of Margaret, fell by the hands of her husband in the very flush of youth and life. Now were her eyes opened to the wickedness of her indiscretion. Stay she dared not to meet the return of Phillips, lest she too should perish by his rage. Where

should she go? Her mother was away — friend after friend passed in review, but from each she could recall a something that made her feel that she dared not appeal to them. She felt that envy and malice had long been at work with each, and she must now pay the penalty of her pride and vanity. The terrible truth burst upon her, that her character was blasted forever. Guiltless as she was she must dearly pay for her indiscretions. Her good name was withered and blasted, and there was no one to whom she might appeal for council and succor. She felt as if turned to marble in her stunned and terrible distress, but when the voices of her children fell upon her ear, as they came to say good night ere they went to their quiet pillows, her agony found vent in tears, scalding tears, which yet brought no relief to her bursting heart. Something she must do before the dawn of another morn, but what she knew not. She paced her room till her limbs refused their office, and then throwing herself upon her couch, pressed her hands to her burning temples and tried to think.

At length she decided on taking with her Annette, her youngest and her darling, and seeking a refuge in my father's retired parish, where circumstances aforetime had given her some slight claim. Hastily taking a few articles from her

wardrobe, she placed them in a trunk, called a trusty servant, and ordered a carriage to be in waiting for her. The poor old man wept profusely, for Margaret had been almost idolized by her servants. She was ever considerate to them, and often their advocate with their tyrannical master.

Now came the agony of looking, perhaps, for the last time on her children who were to be left behind, without a mother's love to shield them from a father's harshness. She first stole to the room of her boy, her eldest born, a gentle, affectionate child, who had always clung to his mother with a peculiar affection. Her feelings had become too deep, too intense for tears. She imprinted one long kiss upon his cheek as he slept, and then left him with a lingering look and passed to the chamber of her daughters. One kiss of love and agony upon the brow of each, one gasp for breath as if soul and body were about to separate, and taking the little Annette in her arms she hurried from the room.

CHAPTER IV.

Ah ! trustfully, not mournfully, they 'll leave her,
Assured that deep repose is welcomed well ;
The pure glad breeze can whisper nought to grieve her
The brook's low voice no wrongful tale can tell.

Mrs. Frances S. Osgood.

A journey of a day and half placed her in the retreat she desired. This was late in Autumn. How she sustained after such excitement the dreariness of a country winter I know not. But the little Annette was as an Angel of peace to her. She would gaze upon her for an hour together, and gentle, healing tears would often fall upon the face of the little one. All the slumbering affections of her soul seemed awakened and twined with intense fervor around this last remaining object of her love. While the sweet tones and joyous laugh of the child were spared to her, Margaret felt she was not quite desolate, and these served to dissipate the gloom that overwhelmed her at the wreck of all her earthly hopes, the fate of poor Evelyn too, with his youth, and aspirations all perished through her folly.

Spring came with its bloom and beauty and with her child's hand clasped in hers, she would spend days in wandering about the fields and woods. One afternoon, they had passed in search

of flowers of which Annette was passionately fond. The robin chirped a welcome from the thick foliage of the maple, and the gaudy yellow bird poised light as air upon the slender top-most twig of the elm — the merry bob-o-linkum, 'the vocal sprite, the feathered troubadour,' trilled his 'joyous, yet tender' song from the orchard trees, and Annette clapped her hands in very glee. She gathered 'butter-cups and daisies,' violets, and that little pale flower that 'dots with stars' the fields of New England, and so sweetly named Innocence, till her little hands could hold no more. Flinging herself upon the ground she emptied her treasures into her lap, and gathering her white apron in her hands, she prepared to fill it with yet more of the wild blossoms which clustered about her.

Margaret watched her in silence as her blue eyes peeped out from the tall grass, the wind tossing her brown curls, and her exulting laugh echoing upon the air. She sunk down upon the turf and buried her face in her hands, and bitter memories came thronging upon her.

'Oh, my children, my children,' at length burst from her lips, 'what have I not lost for the sake of senseless flattery, and mean revenge upon one whom I had sworn to honor as well as love. And you, my precious one, I shall lose you too. I feel that I shall, and this may be my last day with

you, the last.' Little Annette ran up to her with sympathy in her young face, saying,

'Dear Mother, do n't cry, O do n't; how warm your head is! naughty sun to make it ache! Let me put some of these cool sweet flowers in your hair and then you will be all well. Then wiping away her tears and kissing her cheek, she began to decorate her black hair which was still glossy and beautiful with her blue violets and white honeysuckles — but when she was about to put a little bunch of the pale innocence there, her mother pushed it away with a passionate gesture. 'Not that, not that, on my head, my child — put it in your own unsullied locks, but not here where all is dark and evil.' Annette looked sorrowful for one moment only, but taking her mother's hand, she said, 'come, dear Mamma, the little birds are bidding us good night, shall we go home?' Her mother walked on in silence, a sad foreboding was upon her spirit, and she pressed her child's hand yet closer in her own.

'Mother, dear mother,' said the little girl, 'you look sorry. Oh I know you are tired — well we will lie down on our pillow, and I will put my arms round your neck, and sing, 'twinkle, twinkle little star,' till you are fast asleep.'

Their way home lay through a deserted garden. Annette caught sight of something which

made her drop her mother's hand, and bound forward with a step as buoyant as air in summer morning. It was a full blown white rose — the first she had ever seen. It was too beautiful to be gathered, she regarded it with an almost religious veneration exclaiming — 'Oh, mother, a flower, a beautiful flower, a very beautiful flower,'* without venturing to touch it even with her delicate fingers. Her mother attempted to pluck it for her, but the leaves all dropped the moment she touched it.

'The bridal rose — withered — blighted at my touch, like the wreath of my own ill-fated bridal. Heaven grant the omen may not be for you, my bright and blessed one.'

The soft shadows of a summer evening were gathering around them before they entered their dwelling, and just as Margaret was lifting the latch, she saw an elegant carriage driving rapidly up the highway, and stop at a neighboring dwelling. She caught a glimpse of two gentlemen just as they were entering the house. One — oh what a sickness of the heart came over her. It was he whose image either as he was when he first won her love, or in the stern guise of later miser-

* The very expression used by a little son of the author, when for the first time, at the age of three years, he saw a white rose. He climbed on his little chair by the side of the tall bush again and again to admire its beauty without manifesting the least wish to pluck it from its beautiful home.

able years, was never for an hour absent from her memory. The crisis had arrived, summoning all the energies of her proud spirit, she nerved herself to endure whatever might be impending over her. He came not himself, but when his companion, a stranger, was ushered into the room, every trace of emotion had vanished from her countenance. She was indeed deadly pale, but rising at his entrance, she received him with a courteous smile, and with an air of calm dignity, motioned him to a seat. The stranger seemed embarrassed and awe-struck.

‘Mrs. P.’ said he in a hesitating manner. She bowed a cold assent. ‘I come, madam, as the bearer of a message from your husband.’ A slight shiver ran through her frame, but not a muscle of her face changed. ‘*His* little girl,’ laying a peculiar emphasis on the word, ‘who is with you, he wishes me to take, that she may be placed where she may be educated with her sisters.’

‘Tonight,’ said her mother, in a tone low, but fearfully clear and distinct, as if it rung from the very depths of the soul.

‘Yes, madam, such are my orders — he waits for me.’

‘He is over hasty,’ said she, with a smile that played strangely about her pallid lips, but lent no light to her eye. ‘He is over hasty,’ she

repeated, in a slow musing manner, 'but he shall be obeyed.'

With a firm step she proceeded to tie upon little Annette the close straw bonnet still decorated with wild flowers, and her blue silk cloak, while the child, delighted with the promise of riding and of more pretty flowers, continued prattling of what she would bring her mother in the morning. 'But mother, dear mother, your head aches. I promised to sing you to sleep, and now who will do it. No, I can't go tonight.'

Margaret gasped for breath, and for an instant, her lip and hand quivered. 'He shall not triumph in hearing of my sufferings,' thought she, and in a moment she was again calm and collected. She pressed the child once convulsively to her bosom, and with a firm tone bade the stranger good evening.

'Strange, unaccountable woman,' thought he — 'is there heart under that beautiful but marble form?' Oh, could he have watched that night by her bed side, he would not have doubted. But there are scenes which language is too poor and weak to describe. When the last earthly prop is taken from the soul that has no hope for heaven; even fancy must fail in portraying the fearful realities of agony. She had not support in immortal hopes in that hour. She could not say

with sweet submission as many a wiser heart has been enabled to say, 'Father thy will be done.' In a little time her tears were dried, I think forever. There was no longer any outward sign of suffering, except the slight token to which I have alluded at the commencement of her history. She was light and buoyant in society, but the body, that faithful sympathizer in the soul's suffering, told a sad tale. Dreadful palpitations of the heart at times — paroxysms of nervous head-aches which threatened to dethrone reason — those were the signs and the tokens of what was passing in the hidden depths of the spirit. My father felt deeply interested in her, and strove in the gentlest manner to lead her to Him who calls the heavy laden and the sorrowful to Him, and promises them rest. She listened as she would to an interesting tale, when he spoke with deep feeling of the peace which the gospel gives, and of the bright hopes opening a glorious vista to heaven through this world of darkness and sorrow. Her fine eye bent on his placid countenance, would beam with intelligence, and a delighted smile play about her beautiful mouth. But it never reached her heart. Whether it was that every feeling was turned to stone by the extremity of her desolation, or what it was that steeled against the hopes and promises sent on purpose for the

broken hearted, I know not. But she did not give utterance to her thoughts, whatever they might have been. A withering pride, which spurned all sympathy, alone sustained her, and the wells of agony, which tossed their troubled waters within, were sealed from all human eyes.

It was not long before her health rapidly declined — symptoms of consumption appeared — a change of air was recommended, and I lost sight of her. It was not long ere tidings came that she was no more. The malady was called consumption, but in truth she died

. Of a withered and a broken heart ;
A malady which kills
More than are numbered in the lists of fate
Taking all shapes and bearing many names.



ECCE HOMO ;

THE WORSHIP AND THE WAY.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

WHERE the great woods their dusky shadows spread —
 Where the cold mountain top in silence stood —
 What time the stars hung darkly overhead,
 Or came the red sun forth a beaming good, —
 There, dimly groping, yet for truth athirst,
 Bowed down before his idol worship first
Ecce Homo.

The sylvan god, hid in the rude moss stone, —
 The fire with wreath of smoke to heaven ascending,
 From out the consecrated dell are gone :
 The Parsee on the mount no more is bending ;
 But in a shapely temple, with the rites
 Of priest, and victim, and the burning lights,
Ecce Homo.

Ah, struggling soul ! crushed and impeded, yet
 In form alone thou could'st not rest content ;

These were but symbols ; thou did'st not forget
Truth dwelt within the veil, which must be rent ;
And once again, mid earthquakes, doubt and dread,
And darkness o'er the earth, and o'er all worship spread,
Ecce Homo.

Where is the Priest, and where the altar now ?
Where is the reeking blood and victim slain ?
Tranquil is upward raised a heavenly brow —
' Do this in Love until I come again ; ' —
And mystic wine poured forth, and lowly bread,
Earth's best and common gifts around him spread,
Ecce Homo.

Where hath the Lowly been, to point the path
For all the strugglers for the good and true ?
In peril and in scorn from earth-born wrath,
His locks all dripping with the midnight dew,
The sweat of blood upon his forehead there,
In his dread hour of agony and prayer,
Ecce Homo !

In that tumultuous hour of human life,
When choice is made of evil or of good,
High and alone he stands to meet the strife,
Visions of pomp and power upon him brood,
And crowns and sceptres wait but on his grasp —
These put aside, the crown of thorns to clasp !
Ecce Homo !

Wayworn with toil, and sorrowful of heart,
Amid earth's multitude despised and poor,

Who save their trust in God have little art, —
Their strength the strength that aids them to endure,
The weak to upward raise and the oppressed,
To awe the sinful passions into rest,

Ecce Homo !

Not as the martyr dies, — with the great stamp
Of truth upon his brow, him to uphold ; —
But, o'er the thorn-crowned forehead, cold and damp,
The record of imposture three times told —
The outcast and the felon side by side —
' Without the walls,' where all men may deride,

Ecce Homo.

Thou fainting bearer of the thorn and cross,
Despised, rejected of thy brother here —
Sighing for lack of bread — the way-side moss
Thine only pillow, — cast aside thy fear —
Fill up thy human heart unto the brim —
Let the thorn pierce thee, as it pierced Him.

Ecce Homo !

THE BROWN MUG.

BY SEBA SMITH.

RETURNING from a pedestrian excursion to the Notch of the White Hills, that wonderful gorge which makes the traveler, the first time he approaches it, stop and hold his breath, and look up to the mountains on the right hand and on the left, and down the deep valley that sweeps away below him, and feel, if he never did before, an overpowering sense of the might and majesty of the Eternal; we had wandered down the valley of the clear, swiftly-flowing Saco; had tarried a few hours at the beautiful village of Fryeburg; had been into the little museum attached to the academy, and tried to hold at arm's length the long gun that shot the Indian Chief Paugus. The sight of this gun gave us a strong desire to behold the scene of that memorable and tragical conflict, where the brave Lovewell and his devoted followers, in the heart of the wilderness,

fifty miles from any white inhabitants, fought the long summer day with Paugus and his warriors, till but few on either side were left to tell the news of that bloody encounter. The place was scarcely a mile distant, and, taking a guide, we repaired to the spot. How could we do otherwise, when we called to mind the ballad, that has embalmed the memory of that unfortunate but heroic little band :

'With footsteps slow shall travelers go
Where Lovewell's Pond shines clear and bright,
And mark the place where those are laid
Who fell in Lovewell's bloody fight.'

So says the old ballad. The name of the bard is lost, but he was a true prophet ; travelers do go and visit Lovewell's Pond, and we went among the rest. We stood on its quiet margin and had the various scenes of the battle painted out to us ; the place of ambush, the onset, the retreat to the water's edge, and the very spot where Chamberlain is supposed to have stood when he leveled his long fowling piece and brought Paugus down. As saith again the old ballad —

'T was Paugus led the Pequot tribe ;
As runs the fox, would Paugus run,
As howls the wild wolf would he howl,
A large bear-skin had Paugus on.

But Chamberlain of Dunstable,
One whom a savage ne'er shall slay,
Met Paugus by the water's side,
And shot him dead upon that day.'

We stood and mused awhile upon the melancholy fate of Lovewell, and Wyman, and Frye, and their brave companions in arms, and then turned silently away and pursued our rambles down the valley of the Saco.

We had been upon our excursion about a week, sometimes camping out in the woods, and sometimes emerging into an opening and stopping at some farm-house to pass the night, when we found ourselves, one afternoon, approaching a small but tidy looking dwelling not many miles from Saco village. The place looked inviting, and our stock of provisions was low.

'Come, Joe,' said I, 'let us try our luck here for something to eat.'

'Agreed,' said Joe, 'for I begin to feel as hungry as a bear.'

The house stood a few rods from the road, and as we turned up the lane that led to it, we were suddenly challenged by a little sandy-colored dog, which came running toward us, growling and barking furiously, showing his teeth and bristling the hair on his shoulders like a young wolf.

'Let us shoot him,' said Joe, 'and go about our business.' And he actually began to make

a motion to that effect, for he had a little touch of the harum-scarum about him; but I forbid it at once, and told him to put up his rifle. At that moment an old lady appeared at the door and called Jowler stoutly away, who readily obeyed her and retreated behind the house.

‘Good woman,’ said I, as we came up to the door, ‘will you allow us to rest a half hour in your cottage?’

‘Oh, certainly, an hour and a half if you’ve a mind,’ said the old lady, looking at us sharply through her spectacles. ‘Come, come in; my door is never closed against a civil caller.’

With that we followed the old lady into her little parlor, which was furnished in the most simple and plain mode of country life, but exhibiting, in a marked degree, an air of neatness and comfort. The chairs she handed us were of round, straight posts, with high backs, and the seats woven from the bark of the elm finely stripped and twisted. The uncarpeted floor looked white and clean enough for a table. A few ordinary pictures hung round the room, which bore such decided marks of age, that I at once inferred that they were relics of generations that had gone by. A single oaken chair of antique appearance, somewhat elaborately carved, stood against the wall between the two front windows, and over it

hung a small looking-glass in an oaken frame, that looked as though it might have reflected the faces of several successive generations.

A modest-looking fair-faced girl, apparently about sixteen, sat in the corner of the room with sewing work in her hands as we entered. She rose and courtesied to us with evident diffidence, and resumed her work.

‘Good woman,’ said I, ‘would it be convenient for you to furnish us with a bit of a lunch? Anything at hand — no matter what — we have been in the woods all day, and have not yet dined.’

‘To be sure,’ said the old lady, ‘such as we have shall be at your service in a few minutes. We’ve nothing very dainty or very nice; but if you really have an appetite for a plain dish, perhaps Sally can pick up something that will answer the purpose. Come, Sally,’ continued the old lady, addressing the young girl with the sewing work, ‘set out the table, and see if you can’t get a mouthful or two of something for the gentlemen to eat.’

As Sally rose and left the room, the eyes of the old lady followed her with doating fondness.

‘That’s my granddaughter,’ said she, as the door closed; ‘she has lived with me ever since she was four years old; though I say it myself,

there isn't a nicer gall in the whole State of Maine—always ready and willing—and so kind, and always at work. She can get a meal of victuals as well as ever I could in my life, and better than I can now in my old age. There's nothing about the house but what she knows how to do.'

'She has been fortunate,' said I, 'to be brought up by such a grandmother.'

'Well, I don't know,' said the old lady; 'it seems as if some children take to goodness naturally. I never had the least trouble with her—nothing but to tell her what to do, and she always did it.'

'But she is not all your family?' said I.

'Yes,' said the old lady, with a sigh, 'she and I have lived alone here now going on three years: ever since my poor husband died—Heaven rest his soul! his body rests under that willow you see from the window yonder, in the corner of the lot. For the last two years of his life he suffered a painful, lingering illness. And to see how that child waited upon him for two whole years, almost as it were day and night, was enought to melt the heart of Pharaoh. An angel from Heaven couldn't have done more than she did!'

By this time Sally came in again, and began

to spread the table. The day was warm, and I asked for a glass of water.

‘Maybe,’ said the old lady, ‘you might like a glass of our small-beer, made of sarsaparilla and a few greens we get in the woods?’

I thanked her, and she told Sally to bring some.

‘Sally, my child,’ said the old lady, as her granddaughter was going out of the door.

Sally turned round. The old lady pointed to a little cupboard door in the corner of the room. Sally, who seemed readily to understand the signal, went to the cupboard, opened the door, took down a large brown earthen mug, and went out. Instantly she returned, and placed the mug full of beer upon the table, with a couple of tumblers. We filled the tumblers, and drank some of the most delightful beverage we had ever tasted. We could not help draining it; upon which the old lady urged us to take some more, adding that we need not be afraid to drink what we liked of it, for it was not only harmless, but very wholesome. We renewed our draught; and in lifting and setting down the mug I was struck with its peculiar appearance, and took it up and began to examine it. On glancing at the old lady, I perceived an expression of pleasure on her countenance.

‘Pardon me, madam,’ said I, ‘but I think you have a choice article in this mug.’

‘It is a choice article,’ said the old lady; ‘it’s a mug that we set a great deal by, in our family. We don’t make much common use of it; but when we have company come in, and particularly strangers, I like to set it before them, for it is in some degree a record of our family history.’

I still held the mug in my hand, and had discovered a crowned head stamped upon it, and the name of King William.

‘Ah! then this is an ancient affair, is it?’ said I; ‘but it can’t be as old as King William — can it, though?’

‘Yes, I believe it is,’ said the old lady; ‘it has been in our family about a hundred and fifty years.’

‘Is it possible?’ said I; ‘then it must have witnessed some interesting scenes in its day.’

‘It has, indeed,’ said the old lady; ‘sit down a few minutes, while Sally is bringing in your lunch, and I’ll give you a short account of its history.’

I thanked her heartily, and took my seat.

‘That mug, which we commonly call King William,’ said the old lady, ‘because it bears King William’s image and name, about a hundred and fifty years ago belonged to my great-grandfather, whose name was Humphrey Scamman. His youngest son, Samuel, was my grandfather;

and when I was a child, I have many and many a time sat on his knee, and heard him tell the story of the brown mug, and about being carried away by the Indians. In those days, — that is, when my grandfather was a little boy, there were but few white inhabitants in this part of the country, and they lived in constant fear of being killed or carried off by the Indians. A few families were settled round the Saco Falls, and a few scattered about in other places. They had built a strong fort on the south side of the river, a little below where the village now stands, to which the inhabitants in the vicinity, on any alarm of the approach of Indians, fled for security; and those who were so fortunate as to reach it, escaped without injury. Mr. Humphrey Scamman, my great-grandfather, lived on the north side of the river, a mile or two below the fort, toward the river's mouth. One day he was out at work with his oldest son, upon a piece of marsh, some ways from the house. Samuel, my grandfather, was then about ten years old, and remained at the house with his mother. Samuel's mother called him, and told him that his poor father and brother were at work hard in the field, and the day was hot, and she wished they had a good mug of her new beer. Samuel at once said he would go and carry some to them; and his mother took that

same brown mug — that same King William mug, standing there now on that table, and filled it with beer, and sent Samuel away with it to the field. He had been gone but a few minutes, when he came running, breathless with terror, into the house, and crying out, ‘Mother! Mother! the Indians are coming! I see them coming down the hill in the edge of the woods, and they are coming right this way!’ In all his fright, he still held the mug of beer in his hands, which he now placed on a shelf in the back part of the room. ‘Oh, mother, let us fasten the doors,’ said Samuel, ‘or they’ll come in and kill us.’

‘No, child,’ said his mother, ‘if we fasten the doors so they can’t open them, they’ll set fire to the house and burn us up in it. The only way is, to let them come in, and take our chance.’

‘In a moment more, a dozen stout savages were at the door, and came grimly stalking into the house with their weapons of war in their hands. After searching the house, and helping themselves to such things as they liked, and emptying two feather beds and taking the ticks for bags to carry away their booty, they demanded of the woman where her husband was. She refused to inform them. They then told her, they would kill her and the boy at once; but if she would tell them where her husband was, they would not hurt any

of them. This induced her to tell where her husband and other son were at work in the field. The Indians took Mrs. Scamman and Samuel with them, and started for the field which had been pointed out to them. Here they succeeded also in making prisoners of Mr. Humphrey Scamman and his son James. Another party of Indians at this time came up, and the whole proceeded up the river, intending to capture all the whites they could find, and carry them prisoners to Canada, where they would receive a reward from the French — France at that time being at war with England.

‘They would probably have succeeded in taking many more prisoners than they did, and perhaps the fort itself, had not a fortunate circumstance given seasonable alarm at the Falls. A boy by the name of Robinson was passing with a team near the marsh where Mr. Scamman was captured, and discovered the Indians in time to make his escape. He mounted the horse that was attached to his team, and taking his garters for a bridle, rode with full speed up the river till he came to Gray’s point, a little below the present village, and swam his horse across to Cow Island. Here he left his horse, plunged into the river and swam the remaining channel himself, flew to the point as fast as possible, and immediately fired the alarm gun.

‘Most of the men of the settlement were away in the fields at work, and many of them at a considerable distance. The women and children, with the feeble old men, fled into the fort as fast as they could, where they had waited but a short time before the Indians made their appearance on the opposite side of the river, and seemed to be preparing to come across to attack the fort. In this emergency, the women arrayed themselves in men’s clothing, put on men’s hats, and with muskets in their hands, paraded themselves about in different parts of the fort where they could best be seen by the enemy. The Indians, deceived by this formidable array of forces, concluded the men of the settlement were all in the fort and well armed, and that it would be useless to attempt an attack. They accordingly in a short time retired, carrying away with them the family of Mr. Scamman, and a few other prisoners they had taken among the scattering settlements.

‘It isn’t worth while to stop to tell now, how much the prisoners suffered in their long and tedious journey through the woods to Canada; how they slept on the ground at night with hemlock boughs for their beds, and often traveled all day on foot without a mouthful of food.

‘A year passed away, and nothing had been

heard of Humphrey Scamman or his family ; and the people on the Saco had given them up for dead. The Indians occasionally continued their hostile invasions through the year, so that the inhabitants on the river dared not venture far from the fort, and when they found it necessary to labor in the field, they kept loaded arms by their sides. But this year, on account of peace taking place between France and England, many of the prisoners in Canada, who had been captured in the English colonies by the Indians, obtained their liberty and returned home. And one day the people on the Saco were greatly surprised and rejoiced at seeing Mr. Scamman and his family, with several others who had been supposed to be lost, make their appearance among them. After stopping at the fort long enough to partake of refreshments, and to relate in a hurried manner the principle events of the year, Mr. Scamman was in haste to go and ascertain the condition of his homestead. None of the inhabitants could give him much information respecting it, for not one had visited it, since the capture of the family, a fact showing in a striking manner how closely they had been confined to certain limits through fear of the Indians. One of the neighbors indeed told him that he had been down the river about a month before, so far that he

could see the house, and that it was still standing and looked very much as it used to. Even this amount of information was received by the returning family with great joy, and with eager haste they started for 'that dear hut, their home,' followed by half a dozen others who volunteered to accompany them.

'They crossed the river, and walked thoughtfully down the river road, till they came out of the woods into the little opening that gave them a full view of their former habitation. They instinctively stopped and gazed a minute or two in silence. Mrs. Scamman turned her head away, for her eyes were filled with tears and her face crimsoned with emotion. The sight once more of home, that dear home where she had passed so many happy days, bringing up at once its thousand heartfelt recollections, now mingled and shaded with the trials and sufferings of the past year, went at once to the inmost fountain of her heart, and her feelings gushed forth with all the truth and freedom of childhood. The boys, too, wept and laughed in the same breath. Theirs were the tears of joy, for the trials of life had not yet left the rust of sorrow upon their hearts. Mr. Scamman was a hardy, iron-nerved man, but even his chin quivered, as he said, 'come wife, let us

go to the house and see if there is anybody there to let us in.'

'The party proceeded on, and approached the door of the dwelling. Everything about it was noiseless and motionless as the abode of the dead. Mr. Scamman lifted up the latch and they all went in. Almost the first thing that met their eyes was the old house-cat, seated upon the window-stool, at the back part of the house and looking out of the window. Grey Tabby had lived with them four or five years; and the idea that she had stuck by the home-stead and kept house alone during the whole long year of their absence, at once affected them very sensibly. At first Tabby looked wild and sat out to run away; but when Mrs. Scamman called her, the creature instantly recognized her voice, and turned round and ran toward her. She stopped a moment and looked up in her mistress' face; and when Mrs. Scamman patted her on the head, she cried out almost like a young child; licked her hand, pressed round and round her feet, leaped upon her clothes and purred, and showed such signs of joy and affection, that it brought tears to the eyes of most of the company.

'They now looked about the house. There were the heaps of feathers which the Indians had emptied out of the beds upon the floor, and there

were broken articles of furniture which they had thrown here and there, all lying as they had been left on that fearful day. Presently Samuel stepped along to the shelves in the corner of the room, when he suddenly clapped his hands, and called out with great glee, 'Oh, mother, here is the very mug of beer that I was carrying out to father that day when the Indians come.' They all ran and looked, and there it was, sure enough. They tasted of the beer; it was rather stale, it is true; but there it was, and the mug was more than half full, notwithstanding all the hot days and all the cold days that it had been standing there through the whole year. Mr. Scamman took the mug and looked at it, and said he,

'Samuel, now this mug shall be yours, and do you keep it as long as you live, to remember the Indians by.'

'And grandfather did keep it as long as he lived, and when he died he left it to my father, and when father died he left it to me. And that's the story of the King William mug that stands on the table there, before you,' said the old lady; 'so now set up and take your lunch, for Sally has got it all ready.'

'And pray good woman,' said I, 'what do you intend to do with the mug when you have done with it?'

‘I?’ said the old lady; ‘when my time comes, and it wont be long, I shall leave the mug to Sally.’

We seated ourselves at table.

‘I don’t know,’ said the old lady, ‘as you will find much of anything that you can eat.’

‘I never knew a more groundless fear in my life,’ said I, glancing round the table, for indeed a more inviting lunch I never sat down to. There were delicious slices of cold beef’s tongue, a rich dish of fried ham and eggs, bread of the very best quality, soft milk biscuit, with the freshest and sweetest butter I ever tasted, cup custards, and a perfect gem of an apple pie, with rich old cheese. Then there was the brown mug full of excellent beer, and the way the whole was served up was the most perfect pattern of taste and neatness I ever beheld. In short, we ate a very hearty dinner. During the operation of eating, I observed that Joe’s eyes wandered very often across the room and rested on Sally, who had again taken her sewing and was seated by the window. Having finished our repast, we prepared to depart. I tried to make the old lady accept of money for the trouble we had caused her, but she seemed hurt and utterly refused. We gave them a parting blessing, and went on our way. We walked side by side, Joe and I, I

think nearly a mile without speaking a word.
At last said I,

‘Joe, you seem to be wrapped up very close in some sort of deep cogitation or other; what are you thinking about?’

‘I’m thinking,’ said Joe, ‘if ever I get married, I mean my oldest son shall inherit the BROWN MUG.’

NOTE. The story of the Brown Mug, with most of the other incidents in this sketch, is no fiction, but the simple truth.

WAS IT PROVIDENCE?

BY MISS SEDGWICK.

TAKE for example, a young girl, bred delicately in town, shut up in her nursery in her childhood, — in a boarding-house through her youth, never accustomed to either air or exercise, two things that the law of God makes essential to health. She marries; her strength is not adequate to the demands upon it. Her beauty fades away. She languishes through her hard offices of giving birth to children, suckling and watching over them, and dies early. ‘What a strange Providence, that a mother should be taken in the midst of life, from her children!’ Was it Providence? — No! — Providence had assigned her three-score years and ten; a term long enough to rear her children, and see her children’s children, but she did not obey the laws on which life depends, and of course, she lost it.

A father, too, was cut off in the midst of his

days. He is a useful and distinguished citizen, and eminent in his profession. A general buzz rises on every side, of 'What a striking Providence!' This man has been in the habit of studying half the night, of passing his days in his office and the courts, of eating luxurious dinners, and drinking various wines. He has every day violated the laws on which health depends. Did Providence cut him off? The evil never ends here. The diseases of the father are often transmitted; and a feeble mother rarely leaves behind her vigorous children.

It has been customary in some of our cities, for young ladies to walk in thin shoes, and delicate stockings in mid-winter. A healthy, blooming young girl, thus dressed in violation of Heaven's laws, pays the penalty; a checked circulation, cold, fever, and death. 'What a sad Providence!' exclaimed her friends. Was it Providence or her own folly?

A beautiful young bride goes night after night, to parties made in honor of her marriage. She has a slightly sore throat perhaps, and the weather is inclement; but she must wear her neck and arms bare; for who ever saw a bride in a close evening dress? She is consequently seized with an inflammation of the lungs, and the grave receives her before her bridal days are over.

‘What a Providence!’ exclaims the world. ‘Cut off in the midst of happiness and hope!’ Alas! did she not cut the thread of her life herself?

A girl in the country, exposed to our changeful climate, gets a new bonnet, instead of getting a flannel garment. A rheumatism is the consequence. Should the girl sit down tranquilly with the idea that Providence has sent the rheumatism upon her, or should she charge it on her vanity, and avoid the folly in future? Look, my young friends, at the mass of diseases that are incurred by intemperance in eating or in drinking, or in study, or in business; also being caused often by neglect of exercise, cleanliness, pure air; by indiscreet dressing, tight lacing, etc., and all is quietly imputed to Providence. Is there not impiety as well as ignorance in this? Were the physical laws strictly observed from generation to generation, there would be an end to the frightful diseases that cut life short, and of the long list of maladies that make life a torment or a trial. It is the opinion of those who best understand the physical system, that this wonderful machine, the body, this ‘goodly temper,’ would gradually decay, and men would die, as if falling asleep.

IDEAL STANDARDS.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

Lo! the pale artist in his chamber bends
 With pallid brow, and wrapt and burning eye
 Intently fixed upon a vision nigh —
 A shape of heaven-born grace, which, beckoning, blends
 Into the azure space, and onward wends,
 With wavy hand held back. It flitteth by
 Intangible, with look serene and high,
 That half bemoans the mockery it lends;
 In shapeful loveliness it will not stay,
 But takes a fairer, still a higher grace,
 As nearer and more near the form appears;
 Vainly may pencil, pen, or thrilling lay,
 The soul's ideal semblance hope to trace —
 It mocks our upward reach and smiles amid our tears.

THE WITCH OF ENDOR.

BY MRS. E. OAKES SMITH.

THE unfortunate are always superstitious ; just in proportion as the calamities in life impair the freedom of the human mind, do the elements of the dark and the mysterious gather about it. The past has been embittered by care and disappointment ; and, in the words of Scripture, their ‘ way is hedged up,’ there is no hopeful vista to relieve the gloom of the present, and they appeal to omens, predictions, and the rude superstitions current among the vulgar.

Too feeble to boldly enter the precincts of Truth, grasping with a strong faith the very horns of the altar ; and thus to learn how the temporary yields to that which is eternal ; how the partial is lost in the universal, they linger about the threshold, perplexing themselves with dim shadows and faint intimations. They pause in the vestibule, where Superstition sits portress, rather than enter to worship Truth herself.

It is the error of their destiny more than their own. The light that was in them has become darkness. The clearness and vigor of perception is lost under the pressure of circumstances, in which human wisdom would seem of no avail, and they yield at length as to an irresistible fate.

The history of Saul, the first king of Israel, is an affecting record of this kind. Raised to the dignity of royal power, by no ambition of his own, but by Divine appointment, in compliance with the will of a people weary of their Theocracy, we look upon him from the first as an instrument, a being impelled rather than impelling.

Painful, indeed, is the contrast of the proud and handsome youth commencing his royal career in the freshness and freedom of early manhood, when life presented but a long perspective of sunshine and verdure, to that of the stricken man, weighed down by calamities, bereft of hope, bereft of faith, yet manfully marching to that fatal field where death only had been promised him.

From the commencement of his history, the 'choice young man and goodly' seems to have had a leaning to the occult, a willingness to avail himself of mysterious power, rather than to arrive at results through ordinary and recognized channels. We find him, commissioned by his father, going forth in quest of three stray asses, which

he seeks, not by the hill side and pastures of Israel, but by consulting the seer, Samuel. The holy man hails him king, and gently rebukes him as to the object of his visit, by saying, 'set not thy mind upon the asses which were lost three days ago, for they are found.'

Ardent and impulsive, he now goeth up and down in the spirit of prophecy, with the strange men who expound its mysteries, and anon he sendeth the bloody tokens to the tribes of Israel, rousing them from the yoke of oppression.

Generous and heroic, he repels the foes of his people, and loads the chivalric David with princely favors. Yet beneath all this, like hidden waters, heard but unseen, lurked this dark and gloomy mysticism, that embittered even his proudest and brightest hours. An evil spirit troubled him, which only the melody of the sweet Psalmist of Israel could beguile.

Moses had been familiar with all the forms of Egyptian worship, and all their many sources of knowledge ; but, as the promulgator of a new and holier faith, he wished to draw his people from the subtleties of divination, and induce them to a direct and open reliance upon Him who alone 'knoweth the end from the beginning.' No insight to the future is needed by the strong in faith and the strong in action. Hence the divinely appointed legislator prohibited all intercourse with

those who dealt in this forbidden lore — forbidden as subversive of human happiness. For the mind looses its tone when once impressed with the belief that the ‘shadow of coming events’ have fallen upon it.

The impetuous and vacillating Saul, impelled by an irresistible instinct to this species of knowledge, sought to protect himself from its influence by removing the sources of it from his kingdom. For this reason, he put in force the severe enactments of Moses against dealers in what were termed ‘familiar spirits.’ Thus betraying the infirmity of his manhood, by removing temptation rather than bravely resisting it.

Vain and superstitious, oh ‘choice young man and goodly,’ thou wert no match for the rival found in the person of the chivalric David, the warrior poet, the king-minstrel, the man of many crimes, yet redeeming all by the fervency of his penitence, and his unfaltering faith in the Highest. Still the noble and the heroic did never quite desert thee, even when thou didst implore the holy prophet to honor thee in the presence ‘of the elders of the people,’ and he turned and worshiped with thee. A kingly pageant when the sceptre was departing from thee !

Disheartened by intestine troubles, appalled by foreign invasion, the spirit of the unhappy king forsook him, and it is said ‘his heart greatly

trembled.' Samuel, the stern and uncompromising revealer of truth, was no more. Unsustained by a hearty reliance upon divine things, Saul was like a reed cast upon the waters, in this his hour of trial and perplexity.

'When Saul inquired of the Lord, the Lord answered him not, neither by dreams nor by prophets.' Unhappy man, thy prayers were those of doubt, not of faith, and how could they enter that which is within the veil!

In the utterness of his despair, he consults the Woman of Endor. She might not control events, but she could reveal them. Perilous and appalling as his destiny threatened, he would yet know the worst.

There was majesty in thee, oh Saul! even in thy disguise and agony as thou didst confront thy stern counsellor brought from the land of shadows, — 'the old man covered with a mantle.' When Samuel demands, 'why hast thou disquieted me?' we share in the desolateness and sorrow which the answer implies.

'God is departed from me, and answereth me no more, neither by prophets, nor by dreams, therefore I have called thee, that thou mayest make known unto me what I shall do.'

The Woman of Endor! That is a strange perversion of taste that would represent her hideous

in aspect. To me she seemeth all that is genial and lovely in womanhood.

So great had been the mental suffering of Saul, that he had fasted all that day and night, and at the terrible doom announced by the seer his strength utterly forsook him, and he fell all along upon the earth.

Now cometh the gentle ministry of the Woman of Endor. ‘Behold thou hast prevailed with me to hearken to thy voice, even at the peril of my life; now, also, I pray thee, hearken to the voice of thine handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee, and eat, that thou mayest have strength.’

Can aught be more beautiful, more touching or womanly in its appeal? Aught more foreign from a cruel and treacherous nature, aloof from human sympathies, and dealing with unholy and forbidden knowledge?

To the Jew, trained to seek counsel only from Jehovah, the Woman of Endor was a dealer with spirits of evil. With us, who imbibe truth through a thousand channels made turbid by prejudice and error, she is a distorted being, allied to the hags of a wild and fatal delusion. We confound her with the witches of Macbeth, the victims of Salem, and the Moll Pitchers of modern days.

Such is not the Woman of Endor — we have adopted the superstition of monk and priest

through the long era of darkness and bigotry, and every age hath lent a shadow to the picture.

‘Hearken to the voice of thine handmaid, and let me set a morsel of bread before thee.’ Beautiful picture of primitive and genial hospitality! The Woman of Endor riseth before me in the very attitude of her kind, earnest entreaty. The braids of her dark hair mingle with the folds of her turban; her oriental robes spread from beneath the rich girdle, and the bust swells with her impassioned appeal. I behold the proud contour of features, the deep, spiritual eye, the chiseled nostril, and the lip shaming the ruby. The cold haughty grace becoming the daughter of the Magi, hath now yielded to the tenderness of her woman’s heart.

Woman of Endor! thou hast gathered the sacred lotus for the worship of Isis; thou hast smothered the dark-winged Ibis in the temple of the gods; thou art familiar with the mysteries of the pyramids; thou hast quaffed the waters of the Nile, even where they well up in the cavernous vaults of the ancient Cheops; thou hast watched the stars, and learned their names and courses; art familiar with the sweet influences of the Pleiads, and the bands of Orion. Thy teacher was a reverent worshiper of nature, and thou a meek and earnest pupil. Thou heldest a more intimate communion with nature than we of a

later and more worldly age. Thou workedst with her in her laboratory, creating the gem and the pearl, and all things whatsoever into which the breath of life entereth not.

There was nothing of falsehood, nothing of diabolic power in this. Men were nearer the primitive man, nearer the freshness of creation, and they who patiently and religiously dwelt in the temple of Nature learned her secrets, and acquired power hidden from the vulgar, even as do the learned now, in their dim libraries, and amid their musty tomes.

Thus it was with the Woman of Endor. She was learned in all the wisdom of the East. She had studied the religion of Egypt, had listened to the sages of Brahma, and had studied philosophy in the schools to which the accomplished Greek afterwards resorted to learn truth and lofty aspiration; yet even here did the daughter of the Magi feel the goal of truth unattained.

She had heard of a new faith — that of Israel — a singular people, who at one time had sojourned in Egypt, and yet who went forth, leaving their gods and their vast worship behind, to adopt a new and strange belief. Hither had she come with a meek spirit of enquiry, to learn something more of those great truths for which the human soul yearneth for ever.

Hence was it that her wisdom and her beauty became a shield to her when the mandates of Saul banished all familiar with mysterious knowledge from the country. She was no trifler with the fears and credulities of men. She was an earnest disciple of Truth, and guilelessly using wisdom which patient genius had unfolded to her mind.

All night had she watched the stars, and firmly did she believe that human events were shadowed forth in their hushed movements.

She compounded rare fluids, and produced creations wondrous in their beauty.

There were angles described in the vast mechanism of nature, in the passage of the heavenly bodies, in the congealing of fluids, and the formation of gems, which were of stupendous power when used in conjunction with certain words of mystic meaning, derived from the vocabulary of spirits; spirits who once familiarly visited our earth, and left these symbols of their power behind them. These the learned, who did so in the spirit of truth and goodness, were able to use, and great and marvelous were the results.

Such was the knowledge, and such the faith of the Woman of Endor, the wise and beautiful daughter of the Magi. She was yet young and lovely; not the girl nor the child, but the full, intellectual, and glorious woman.

She had used a spell of great power in behalf of Saul who was in disguise, and unknown to her ; and thus had compelled the visible presence of one of the most devout servants of the Most High God. Even she was appalled, not at the sight of the 'old man covered with a mantle,' but she saw 'Gods descending to the earth.'

The fate of Saul would have been the same had not the prophet from the dead pronounced that fearful doom 'To-morrow shalt thou and thy sons be as I am,' but he might to the last have realized that vague comfort to be found in the uncertainty of destiny, and in the faint incitements of hope. Fancy might have painted plains beyond the mountains of Gilboa, where the dread issues of battle were to be tried, and he would have been spared that period of agony, when the strong man was bowed to the earth at the certainty of doom.

Saul and the Woman of Endor, ages on ages since, fulfilled their earthly mission, leaving behind this simple record of the power and fidelity of human emotions in all times and places ; we cannot regret even the trials of Saul, in the view of enlarged humanity, for had he been other than he was, the world had been unblessed with this episode of woman's grace and woman's tenderness, in the person of the Woman of Endor.

NEW ENGLAND IN 1693.

THE following statistics respecting New England, more than five generations ago, copied from Chalmers' political Annals, and published in the Massachusetts Historical Collections for the year 1795, will doubtless be as interesting as double the amount would be, taken from some modern work on our population. -

The article is entitled 'Observations made by the curious on New England about the year 1673.'

There are about 120,000 souls, 13,000 families, 16,000 that can bear arms.

There are 12 ships between 100 and 200 tons, 190 ships between 20 and 100 tons, 500 fishing boats about 6 tons.

There are not 12 ships of 200 tons each.

There be 5 iron works, which cast no guns.

There are fifteen merchants, worth about £50,000 together. 500 persons, worth each £300.

No house in New England has more than 20 rooms.

Not 20 houses in Boston which have 10 rooms each.

About 1500 families in Boston.

The worst cottages in New England are lofted.

No beggars.

Not three persons put to death for theft annually.

About 35 rivers and harbors.

About 25 Islands and fishing places.

The three provinces of Boston, Maine, and New Hampshire make three-fourths of the whole in wealth and strength.

The other three of Kennebecut, Rhode Island, Kennebeck, being but one fourth of the whole in effect.

Not above three of their military men have been actual soldiers, but many such soldiers as the artillery men at London.

Among the magistrates the most popular are Leverett, the Governor, Major Dennison, Major Clarke, Mr. Bradstreet.

Among the ministers Mr. Thacher, Mr. Oxenbridge, Mr. Higginson.

There are no musicians by trade.

A dancing school was set up, but put down.

A fencing school is allowed.

All cordage, sail cloths and nets, come from England.

No cloth made here worth 4s a yard.

No linen above 2s 6d.

No allum, nor copperas, nor salt made here.

They take an oath of fidelity to the Governor, but none to the King.

The Governor is chosen by every freeman.

He must be Orthodox, above 20 years old, worth about £200.

PLYMOUTH,

THE HAVEN OF THE MAYFLOWER.

VISIT OF THE EDITOR.

STANDING upon the hill overlooking the town, which was selected by the Pilgrims, and is still used by their descendants as a place of burial, I could not but think, how no other place upon the coast would remain so nearly unchanged by the lapse of time as did this. Had the Mayflower dropped her anchor anywhere farther north, the progress of commerce and enterprise had very early obliterated all testimony of the fact. But this place, difficult of access from the long bars of sand extending from the coast, the debris of the northern shores landed here, and thus barring against it any extensive purposes of navigation, the soil sandy and barren, thus at war with agriculture ; and the whole back country broken into irregular hills, presenting obstacles to a free

intercommunication with other localities, has been left nearly in its primitive state.

True the reverent antiquarian will need hurry his visit would he see the place before the 'iron horse' has trod its relics into the dust; for a railroad is now landing its hundreds, who come not with staff and scallop shell, devout Pilgrims to this Mecca of the patriot, but women with unseemly bare arms, and bedizzened heads; and men eager for the 'flesh pots of Egypt,' that is the goodly catering of 'Samoset House,' every one of whom, had they fallen under the jurisdiction of the devout Brewster or the sturdy Carver, would have been cited to answer for their ungodly dress and demeanor, and their hankerings after carnal indulgencies.

The Artist, who should sketch Plymouth Harbor now, would vary little from the Artist of 1620. He would need only cover the hills with their hardy growth, adown the midst of which should leap the beautiful brook, which still refreshes the town, and on the margin of which the first houses were built. The long, sandy reef in front should be covered with trees, instead of extending as it now does a fillet of green with a bordering of silver, and the pretty island at the left, a mile or two distant, where these handful of men, yet bearers of the great Ark of freedom and

truth, passed the first Sabbath, might be left as at present, with its tiny beach, its promontory, and scattered trees, and the two pictures would be identical.

Plymouth is built irregularly, flanking hills and dipping into valleys, following the surface of the land as it was abandoned by the Neebonaubais, (water spirits,) and the Puckwudjies, (wood fairies,) of the Indians. Upon the top of the highest hill is an unfinished Episcopal chapel, ruinous before its completion; and men in this matter-of-fact un-spirit-discerning age, tell how there was not funds enough to finish it. Stultus! not to perceive that the spirits of heathenism and pilgrimdom for once combined to prevent this burning shame to the ancient *genii loci*; and produced that Babel of purpose which prevented its completion! The Chemonitou of the red-man spurning the circumscribed walls from the spot where his own fires had been kindled, beneath the green tree upon the hill top, and under the great starry dome of heaven: the Pilgrims, too, sweeping by like the angry ghosts of Ossian, indignant, that an established church, a mantle shading but not casting out the image of popery, should flaunt itself over the very shrine which they had erected in the midst of peril and bloodshed here in the wilderness. Verily, verily, we are at as

much pains to erase our own individuality, to wipe out the records of our own greatness, as other people are to preserve these things. Here if anywhere, we would stay the march of improvement, and preserve the footprints of the past. For the sake of one bye-nook of nationality, we would say let Plymouth be as it is. Let it eschew railroads, Episcopalians, Transcendentalists, and whatsoever else will erase the vestiges of these sturdy men of the olden time.

Because we have the stamp of national newness we forget that our children's children will make us old, and that hereafter our times and the times of our forefathers will be blent into one great historic scroll, which is to be the antiquity of the greatest nation upon earth,—a nation, which in its giant-like proportions and myriads of beating hearts, might have dandled the Roman Empire upon the palms of its hands. It were well if we could think of these things not in the spirit of vanity, but of true honorable pride; think of these things now, we who taunt and spurn our great men, dwelling upon infirmities which should be less than the dust of the balance in comparison with their real magnanimity, and forgetting all their public service, courage and devotion to our interests, because in their professional simplicity, they may not have

the tact of the demagogue and the coxcomb.* Talk of the ingratitude of Republics! it is not necessarily the form that produces it, but where power comes directly from the masses, if these have no spirit-stirring love for the great and the good, even if beyond their own power fully to appreciate, they will throw the reins into the hands of those nearest akin to themselves, till such times when great peril causes them to look for the armed giant. In our day political success is the best proof of mediocre abilities, and it may be that the remark holds good in all other kinds of success.

But our pen is following too much the zig-zag hurry, and vortex-like propensity of the age.

The curiosities of Pilgrim Hall are certainly very meagre. The portraits of those remarkable men, who founded the law of majorities amongst themselves at a period when their number was so few and they so uncommon, that the law was safe, the minority being the weaker in all points, the portraits of these men are poor copies, we are led to believe from better paintings, these being harsh, liny, and brick-like. The painting of the landing of the Fathers, covering nearly one side of the hall, is confused and crowded in the

* Perhaps the writer had in her thoughts the belittling and contemptible allusions of our papers to General Scott's 'plate of soup.'

grouping, and destitute of any life-like character. General Bradford's and Elder Brewster's arm chairs are there, each giving token of the envious knife of the visitor. Truly any one who would desecrate in this way relics like these, would under other circumstances of life or education, have been guilty of the meanest peculation, for the leaven of low blood is in his veins. There too is an old iron rusty pot, out of which Mrs. White might have dipped hominy for little Peregrine, a pewter platter upon which the gentle Rose Standish often placed the smoking venison brought from the hunt by the gallant Captain Miles. The helmet of stout King Philip is there, curiously plaited of straw, and once richly colored, not unlike in its form to those of the classical ages. Arrow heads and wampum belts tell of the Child-man, whose simple weapons and simple brain were so poorly able to compete with the mature men of the iron age. Contrasted with these is an unwieldy state paper, written upon parchment, and representing the authority of Oliver Cromwell.

Looking upon this paper the mind naturally leaped the barrier of a century, and saw how through that long period, men, who had been kept nearly aloof from European movements, should nourish and garner the seeds of those principles,

which had produced the Commonwealth in England; and when these were assailed should be amongst the first to assert the great rights of humanity. The men of the Plymouth Colony were identical with the men of the Commonwealth, and when that failed abroad, they nurtured its spirit till it blazed forth at Lexington and Bunker Hill.

The Office of Registry is perhaps the most interesting in the whole country. Here may be seen autographs of Brewster, Bradford, Standish, and others, uneffaced by time or mutilation. The latter is written a little a-crook, and spelt Myles, the letters firm but like a man unenvious of the graces of the scribe, inasmuch as he was better accustomed to the wielding of the sword. That of Bradford is firm, distinct, and nearly as elegant as a copper-plate. Many papers are written out in full, and signed by his own hand, defining the division and limits of property, &c.; and nothing can be more quaint and simple than these things; such as apportioning out the common stock of the Colony to the several families, giving the cow called 'blind eye' to one, also 'two goats;' and to another the 'large black heifer,' &c. The first lots were laid out upon each side of a brook which still carries a mill, and is the outlet of what is called Billington sea. The name of this beautiful

Lake so called, is a singular illustration of a blunder traditionally preserved.

One of the Colony of the name of Billington, having climbed a tall cedar-tree, which is still pointed out, espied a large collection of water extending between the hills, which he supposed to be an arm of the sea, and cried out accordingly. Now it is well known that the Pilgrims were not satisfied with the harbor which they had reached, as well on account of the difficulty of access, as the rigors of the climate, and the discovery of an inlet, which by a little labor might waft them to one more commodious, was of course a most desirable object. When, therefore, the unlucky Billington, in his eagerness for discovery cried out 'the sea, the sea,' we can easily conceive the enthusiasm with which it was received, and the subsequent disappointment. The result has been that the Lake serves to this day to link us with this little episode in Pilgrim life, bearing, as it does, the name of the Billington Sea.

Courtship and marriage must have been a far more dangerous and solemn subject in those days than at present, for we find one, (I have unfortunately forgotten the name,) cited to appear before the proper authorities, and answer to the misdemeanor of paying his addresses to 'Elizabeth Prince, daughter of Thomas, Governor of said

Province, without the will and consent of her parents and guardians;’ who was adjudged to pay a somewhat heavy fine, and to give bail in two stated sums, by which he bound himself to abstain from further offence, and to ‘keep the peace.’ It appears, however, that he finally married the damosel.

It is a curious fact, showing how little innovation has hitherto done for Plymouth, that the office of Register of Deeds has been kept in the Cotton family for a period of a hundred and forty years, and that by election, one of the name still holding the office.

The Pilgrim names are still household words in the place, and a similarity of appearance, air, and countenance, perceptible at once to a stranger, shows there has been but little admixture of foreign blood. The stones in the churchyard might be divided into a very few groups, being the descendants almost exclusively of the early settlers of the Colony, and quaint, curious inscriptions are not wanting. These sometimes take the shape of brief biographies, such as ‘here lies the body of Mrs. Dorothy Carver wife of Mr. Jo? Carver, &c., and near her lie ye bodies of five of her children as may be seen on ye footstone.’ Another makes the marble speak in this wise: ‘I am erected by Josiah Cotton *Esqr*, in

remembrance of Rachel his *pious* and *virtuous wife*, &c. In belief of christianity I lived in hope of a glorious ressurection I died.' A third records the name of a 'most pious and virtuous woman, who was three times married, first,' and then follow the names in full of the happy trio. A low stone tells of a boy of fourteen months or thereabouts, with this emphatic exclamation: 'Heaven knows what man he would have made; we, that he was a most rare boy.'

A drive of three miles brings us to Billington Sea, a most lovely sheet of water with no human habitation in view. In the centre is a perfect gem of an island, where we found a sail boat, and a solitary hermit with his dog to give the last touch of romance, and truly we may be forgiven for having waked the echoes once more with the names of the Pilgrims. If Carver, Standish, and Brewster, Mather and Cotton, with others who figured in those early times did not come at our bidding, it was not because they were not called from the vasty deep. If they did not answer for laughing at Billington, for killing the poor 'naked savages,' for banishing the Baptists, for whipping the Quakers, and hanging the Witches, it was not for lack of being cited to appear and answer for these and similar deeds.



















